Diary
1922

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Tuesday
January
3rd

# 1922

This a good resolution that sends me to this page so early — only came back from Rodmell last night — but it is passionary — a gloomy forelast that makes me use the odd leaves at the end of poor dear Jacob. Blank leaves grow at the end of my diaries.

Home, as I say, last night, after 10 or 11 days at Monks Houses — days when the wind blew from every quarter at the top of its voice, & great spurts grain came with it, & had spat in our fire, & the lawn was strewn with little branches, & there were fiery sunsets over the downs, & one evening of the curled feathers that are so intense that one's eyes see nothing for 10 seconds afterwards. Mr Thanks had the double pneumonia, & was prayed for in Church, as indeed I thought advisable when I saw Dr Vallance's face at the window. We drank tea at the Rectory, & I was knocked over by the blast of crude emotion which that festival always releases. In the morning I wrote with steady stoicism my posthumous article upon Hardy. No more wrewing for me, now that Richmond re-writes my sentences to suit the mealy mouths of Belgravia. [an exaggeration, I admit] & this odd how stiffly one sets pen to paper when one is uncertain of editorial approval. That — my dependence upon Renting House Square — is the true reason why I give up; joined with the economic reason that I make as much by other means. Leonard planted, pruned, sprayed, though the cold & the wet & the wildness made his behaviour a heroism to be admired, not comprehended. And last night, on top your arrival, came to dinner Peter & Topsy. Her face is unnaturally elongated.

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It looks as if it had been caught in a door as a child. Why, we asked, did he marry her? — but we did not ask it quite so amazedly as his brothers do. He is a romantic: an innocent; a resolute boy; & she, I suppose, had a deeper experience cyclope, & somehow vouched for all roots & things which, with this innocence & scholar's unworldliness, he was ready to take on trust. Fundamentally I guessed her to be rather a more strained than he is; but also much less disinterested & sincere. So the evening passed; & I vacillated between liking & disliking, feeling pretty sure that I should never take to her warmly, but welcoming the spruce shining mind. With Peter one might be intimate, save that he is so young, so fresh: & not, after all, a born writer. We talked about Fredegond's religious mania: about Cambridge; youth; our set; theirs; the past; Homer Wilson (whom I denounced, & won some agreement) & finally the Greeks & the Romans, upon which Lucas, who can answer straight off any such question — becomes definite & exact in his replies, instead of merely gentle & modest, said they must return to Blackheath. In the hall Topsy (May I call you Topsy? I asked in the hall) explained why they must return to Blackheath too volubly for my taste. But there's 6 o'clock striking, & its my evening with the Partons. Tonight my reading begins.

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Sunday
Jan. 22nd

Tonight my reading begins' did I say? And two nights later I was shivering over the fire & had to tumble into bed with the influenza. How describe the first nights later? Happily it has been a mitigated later—not complete like the summers. Again I have a gallery of little bright portraits hanging against the wall of my mind— Nessa - Bobo - Bob - Kot. Pippa - to be next;- Nessa just back from France, alighting for a fortnight, & then off again leaving the children, who have meanwhile got influenza, in Paris. But what am I to say about her? Talk very gay in French boots, hat & cheek skirt; with that queer antique simplicity of manner which I compare to the marble cheeks of a great statue. I mean her attitude to Clive.

"It's a great pity" she said. "Mary is a stupid little woman. There she was at the station to meet us. They've settled down together completely. I never thought it possible after the Guano. She's a very nice woman - quite simple & straightforward."

"He ruining him" I said.

He talks about wasting like a fashionable man, and And of Mary, there, he's intolerable."

"Yes" said Nessa. Her acceptance of all this is complete; perfectly open, unreverential, philosophic.

But I am I to find myself to go through my hoops - Bob & Bobo & the rest?

I'd rather try a general "account of my friends" to match one I made two or three years ago.

Suppose I visualise them as a group of marbles

with myself in the midst? - & now one drawing near, & then another rolling off into a corner? It's Desmond that has rolled into the corner this time. I don't know how it came about. Fundamentally, it is chance; that I was ill, & he in Ireland, & then he dines out, & has to be at the office, & so on & so on. Only there are reasons when he breaks through these hindrances persistently, & even has to be warded off (by Leonard that is) for I never manage that); whereas, now, for the past 8 months, since the dinner when we hid Miss Green behind a screen we have never seen him. Eight months - & life consists of how many months? that's what I begin to say to myself, as I near my 40th birthday. The machinery for seeing friends is too primitive - one should be able to see them by telephone - ring up, & be in the same room. Only there is loneliness to be considered too - this exacting brain - this spirit which won't entirely accommodate itself to company. One person one must have, like air to breathe; but - as for the rest? Still I don't like missing Desmond; & I blame myself a little for writing sharply in the N. S. (but I was right) about women: & I find myself condemning him for a penny a liner on good terms with his public.

Lytlins marble is very close. I think he has determined partly owing to his fame, to stick tight to one or two rocks, & his friends are one of them. So we are asked to Tidmarsh, & meetings are very carefully cherished, ~~intimate~~ when they occur. His flame burns very pure. No ~~interven~~ masses of superfluity intervene. We have burnt up all

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that long ago. [here mercifully I am compelled to stop in order to rule some blue lines. This is still influenza writing, or I'm inhibited by ~~the~~ Ferguson's prohibition. No work for 2 or 3 weeks, he says. But I fancy I shall finish Hardy to morrow.]
And I could only find a black pencil. But the truth is that when one is seeing people often & intimately one cannot say very much about it. I dont see Lytton far enough away to have a clear view of him.
On the other hand, Sydney has almost vanished into the fog. Yesterday he loomed up again — for the first time since — ? He hasn't been here for 9 months perhaps. He wants to come back. But as during his absence, I have had reports of his infidelity I'm going to hum & haw a little. I doubt that he is faithful or unfaithful. And he lives in the pigsty — by which I mean the Murrys & the Sullivans & the Gertlers. I've no quarrels to record. Now I come to think of it I'm on excellent terms with Clive, with Maynard, with Mary. for anything I know to the contrary.
We should get on admirably on a desert island, if Mary could go behind a rock; but London, this January 1922, is not a desert island, & though we meet each other in the street now & again, the conditions don't make for intimacy. There's Saxon — at the end of the telephone. Infinitely weary, bored, irritable, even yawning audibly as he spoke, was he last night — grudging other people, so I thought, even their influenzas. What one ~~would~~ envies more than anything is simply life.
We all live, this way or that: Saxon has never quite got the hang of it — nor Adrian either, I fancy,

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though Karin obscures Adrian rather effectively. We dined there, perhaps I forgot to record, & bawled like Margate hogs. The Pope is dying today; & the brushmen have come to terms. The church bells ring, & though it is 10 minutes to eleven I can't see the face of the clock, nor even the trees in the garden. The birds wakes us ~~to~~ with their jangling about 7 o'clock; which I take to be a sign of spring, but then I am always optimistic. A thick mist, steam coloured, obscures even twigs, let alone Towers Place. Why do I trouble to be so particular with facts? I think it is my sense of the flight of time: so soon Towers Place will be no more: & twigs, & I that write. I feel time racing like a film at the Cinema. I try to stop it. I prod it with my pen. I try to pin it down.

Saturday Feb. 4th

Another fortnight spent in bed. Indeed, almost as I put down my pen I was seized with a second attack, lay in bed like a piece of timber, & am still in bed, sitting up, looking at the fire, the tree twigs hung with drops of aquamarine, & my temperature a shade above normal. I think this second attack was more wearisome than the first, & I have seen very few people. Nessa came again. How painful these meetings are! Let me try to analyse. Perhaps this that we both feel that we can exist independently of the other. The door shuts between us, & life flows in again & completely removes the trace. That is an absurd exaggeration. The truth is she was a little depressed, ostensibly because no one had mentioned painting to her in the course of three weeks. "I have seen all the cleverest people, she said, & not one asked me about the South of France. Nobody mentioned painting. I hung two of our latest paintings in Maynard's room, & he never noticed them."

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"Surely Clive?" I said.
"Oh Clive knows nothing whatever about it" she replied.
All this tends to make her turn to Paris as her dwelling place. But then there are the children, Julian at School, Quentin coming home nightly. And then there is Duncan. "And after all there is nothing binding in our relationships, she said. "Its quite different from yours."

And so this ruffled me: donkey that I am — as susceptible to the faintest chord of dissonance twelve fields away. I set out to prove that being childless I was less normal than she. The look offence (the words are too strong). Told me I shouldn't enjoy café life in Paris. Told me I liked my own fireside & books & my friends visits: implied that I was settled & unadventurous. Implied that I spent a great deal upon comfort. As we had only 2 hours together, & she left for Paris next morning, & perhaps I shant see her till May, anyhow not continuously, I felt a sort of discontent, as the door closed behind her. My life, I suppose, did not very vigorously rush in.

Indeed, we are at the moment a little tremulous again. What to do about Ralph? — about the Press? Mr. Manning Sanders forges ahead. He has reached the printing off stage, which means that Ralph works in the basement & leaves the machine dirty. We had tea at 4 yesterday, & I made myself agreeable. "And the type will be dry for me tomorrow?" I said, having dirred wet type laboriously all the afternoon.

"No it is not washed yet" he said.

L. was struggling then vanished.

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with the fire. When the door shut I understood – L. was white with ~~Ra~~ rage – that R. had slipped off leaving L. to go down & clean up. If he had apologised, this would have been bad enough: but to slink away, like a shamefaced schoolboy, was outrageous, & I was furious. L. had been at work all day; & now had another hour in the cold.

Upon this crystallised all our grumblings of the past – They are to the effect that he is lazy, undependable, now industrious, now slack, unadventurous, all corroded by Lytton, can't praise, yet has no view of his own – the old story, which one has heard so often from the victims of the old serpent, but rather a serious detraction from his merits, as a partner in an enterprise. Should the enterprise be modified? Should we part Company? Should we hire a woman drudge? I suspect that the work is not possible for an educated & vigorous young man: but I am being charitable.

Monday Feb. 5th

What a sprightly journalist Clive Bell is! I have just read him, & see how my sentences would have to be clipped to march in time with his.

Mrs. Manning Sanders is a bob haired, wide mouthed woman, dressed in a velvet dressing gown, plump, sandy-haired with canine brown eyes far apart. We liked her. But to Ralph her Fitzroy St origin was against her – this is his rule of thumb measure – for God knows, he said nothing, & is hard & angular as a block of wood. However, we had Mrs. M. S. from 5 to 7.15.

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Tuesday Feb. 14th

So far had I written that Monday when Ferguson came in & pronounced that my eccentric pulse had passed the limits of reason & was in fact insane. So I was laid in bed again, & set up my state in the drawing room, where I now write sitting up in bed, alongside the fire, with a temperature a shade below normal, & a heart become naturally abnormal, so that perhaps I shall be up & creeping this time next week. I am reading Moby Dick: Princesse de Cleves; Lord Salisbury; Old Mortality; Small Talk at Wreyland; with an occasional bite at the life of Lord Tennyson, of Johnson; & anything else I find handy. But this is all dissipated & invalidish. I can only hope that like dead leaves they may fertilise my brain: otherwise, what a 12 months it has been for writing! — & I at the prime of life, with little creatures in my head which won't exist if I don't let them out. K.M. bursts upon the world in glory next week; I have to hold over Jacobs Room till October; & I somehow fear that by that time it will appear to me sterile acrobatics. Nevertheless, such is life, that I am very tolerably amused; see a good many people, Elena, Kot, Adrian, Lytton today; & drowse off comfortably. It is illness at its best. We dine over the fire. L. has his tray on a little stool. We are as comfortable as cottagers. (looked at through the window) & this morning dropped

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from the blue eyes it is blue, & frost on the roof, & Ralph skating at Tidmarsh; & Mrs Sanders not sent her proofs) £114.18., unexpected payment by Mitchells, in whom I lost, so I thought, £600. This is mercy indeed, for we were very low at the bank, having bought type; & would have had to sell out, for our travels & printers bills. God ought all does exist; for always some wind brings down an apple at the critical moment.

Elena has grown solid, like a tree trunk. She keeps her mystery. A performing seal — one doesn't know what is instinct, what intellect. I find her sympathetic — so maternal, quiet, kindly; & liking literature as a lady does; & saying such unexpected things about it, as a lady does. She doesn't like representation in fiction; can't stand Wells & Bennett; attempts Dorothy Richardson; is puzzled; reverts to Scott; hasn't heard of Joyce; comfortably waves aside indecency; I should guess that she represents the top layer of the ~~Mudie~~ general public very accurately. She is modest, even reserved, about her own doings, which gives her charm. Would have liked a country life — dogs, garden, village charities, county committees, Gunby & Stephen Massingberd I suppose, best of all; & hates London, where she has had however her great successes. Like my father, I am attracted by the simple & affectionate & womanly. Not that she now dresses with beauty or has much to boast. She is a handsome du Maurier matron, with a double chin, settled complexion; & she dresses

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in a pepper & salt tailor made, wears spats, & has something of the American bust. I like chattering to her about literature. On Saturday when she comes again, I shall try to discuss the Lushingtons. And Adrian is so happy & genial that I am really pleased. I don't want to make him out a failure even. An unambitious man, with good brains, money, wife & children is, I daresay, the most fortunate of us all. He need not protect himself by any illusions. He sees things as they are. He is humorous, contented; free to enjoy without envy or uneasiness. "Oh well, he said talking of his medical career, "it's something to do." "It's easier now to go on than to stop" he said. He has his yacht, & as the years pass, he will ripen into a delightful father. Moreover, like the whole family, he has this distinguished, cool, point of view, which always makes him good company, & admits him to any society — if he wished for any society, which needless to say, he doesn't. Saxon's father is dead; & Saxon controls two houses of lunatics, some with broken legs, others with the influenza; what will make a man of him, so all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

I did not enjoy Molly's visit. She is so deaf; so wandering; grown as plump as a ptarmigan; inconclusive more than ~~ever~~ ever; given ~~on~~

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to sudden vacant pauses, with her head dropped down; yet very affectionate in her flittermouse way; with that charming irresponsible heartlessness, which always amuses me. She wakes from a pause & rapt out something quite to the point & even prosaic. She told me how she had loved the Governor of Madras, & refused Wesmard for him; & was very glad now she had married Wesmard, who suits her exactly she said. Why did I not enjoy Molly's visit then? Well, she never concentrates upon me. I suppose.

I meant to make some notes of my reading (which should include Peacock by the way) but Lollie's interminable gossip with the old witch woodwoman frets me. Talk-talk-talk - wonder expressed - loud laughter - agreement - woodwoman's voice Clasps more & more emphatic - Nelly there too - Talk with them a kind of muscular activity I think, for they never say much: repeat one thing over & over.

Good bye good bye - don't forget.

Ah! at last! And now Lollie must compare notes with Nelly downstairs.

Wed. 15th Feb.

I thought to myself, as Lytton was talking, New I will remember this & write it down in my diary tomorrow. And as I thought that, everything melted to mist. People don't say things, except in biographies. True, Lytton was smooth & mild & melancholy beyond his wont; but

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with intimates, when talk is interesting, one ~~sen~~ sentence melts into another: heads & tails merge: there is never a complete beast. These I remember as opinions: Lady Gs. life of Salisbury is extremely good. Salisbury was a perfect aristocrat. The point about him was that he was a man of action simply & solely. Lady S. was stuck up & pert: they discussed travelling second class. And what else can I remember? Absolutely nothing? 'Latest Racine' he had read on the porters at Waterloo; thought it referred to Marsfield; then re-read Racine. But he was back again in his old pre-Eminent Victorians despondency, partly. I guessed because the publishers are chilly about his essays; partly because he can't think of a plot for a play. When I told him a history of George IVth was quite good enough. I think he was pleased. How these writers live in their work — How ambition consumes them! Every thing radiates from this in Lytton, & I fancy lineliness leaks in through the chinks. He gave me a first Edition of a book by Beckford; a very characteristic present, & the first he ever gave me, or I him. We disagreed violently about Percy Lubbock's book; & I traced poor dear Ralph's swift unerring insight to the original source. It's annoying to me — as if Lottie picked up my gold watch & gave it a scouring with Bluebell polish (this utterly inappropriate image comes from the irritation she is just now causing me by scrubbing door plates, & turning on the electric light.) All Lyttons subtleties & ellisions come out spick & span blown through brass.

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Of my reading I will now try to make some note.
First Peacock; Nightmare Abbey, & Crotchet Castle.
Both are so much better than I remember. Doubtless,
Peacock is a taste acquired in maturity. When I was
young, reading him in a railway carriage in Green,
sitting opposite Shoby, I remember, who pleased me
immensely by approving my remark that Meredith had
got his women from Peacock, & that they were very
charming women, then, I say I rather had to
prod my enthusiasm. Shoby liked it straight off.
I wanted mystery, romance, psychology I suppose.
And now more than anything I want beautiful prose.
I relish it more & more exquisitely. And I
enjoy satire more. I like the scepticism of his mind
more. I enjoy intellectuality. Moreover,
fantasticality does a good deal better than sham
psychology. One touch of red in the cheek is all he
gives, but I can do the rest. And then they're so
short; & I read them in little yellowish perfectly
appropriate first editions.

The masterly Scott has me by the hair once more.
Old Mortality. I'm in the middle; & have to put up with
some dull sermons; but I doubt that he can be dull,
because everything is so much in keeping — even his
~~odd~~ monochromatic landscape painting, done in
smooth washes of sepia & burnt siena. Edith & Henry
too might be typical figures by an old master, but is
exactly in the right place. And Cuddie & Mause are
as usual, marching straight away for all time, as
lasting as life. But I daresay the fighting & the

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Story telling business prevent him from going quite ahead with his Gun as in the Antiquary.

Thursday, 16th Feb. — to continue — Certainly the later chapters are bare & grey, ground out too palpably: authoulers. I'd aresay, interfering with the original flow. And Morton is a prig: & Edith a stick; & Evandale a brick; & the preachers dulness I could take for granted. Hill — Hill — I want to know what the next chapter brings. & these gallant old fellows can be sound practically anything.

How far can our historical portrait painters be trusted, seeing the difficulty I have in putting down the face of Violet Dickinson, whom I saw, for 2 hours, yesterday afternoon? One hears her talking in a ~~to~~ swinging random way to Lottie in the hall, as she comes in. 'Where's my marmalade? — How's Mrs Woolf? Better eh? Where is she? meanwhile putting down coat & umbrella & not listening to a word. Then she seemed to me as she came in gigantically tall: tailor maide; with a pearl dolphin with red tongue swinging from a black ribbon: rather stouter; with her white face; prominent blue eyes; nose with a chip off the end; & small beautifully aristocratic hands. Very well: but her talk? Since nature hemlys could ~~mak~~ give no account yet — since nature has pur wilfully left out some screw — how what chance is there for me? It touches Mr Bevan: bounces off to Wild Dayrell & the nurse who cut out a bit of the curtain, which was found after three hundred years to come from the curtain at Lillicote: Mrs Bevan kept hordes of

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Goats. Mr. Bevan has escaped with a Frenchwoman. His taxi — a Daimler car — went from Victoria to the Emporium — back again — away again — then to the aerodrome — such nonsense pulling old Ribblesdale & Horner on Boards — Ly. R. was an Aster & refused to let a penny ogress be inverted — Your friend Miss Kiseiner has gone to Bankok. Dont you remember all her boots & shoes in Eaton Square? To tell the truth I remembered neither Kiseiner, her boots, or Eaton Square. Then Herman Norman is back & says things are in an awful mess at Teheran.

He's my cousin' I said.

How that? Off we went onto Normans. Leonard & Ralph were having tea meanwhile. & sometimes intercepted a whiff of grapeshot. Now all this, properly strung together, would make a very amusing sketch in the style of Jane Austen. But old Jane, if she had been in the mood, would have given all the other things — no, I dont think she would; for Jane was not given to general reflections; one cant put in the shadows that appear curving round her, & giving her a sort of beauty. She quits down — though believing the old doctrine that talk must be incessant — & becomes humane, ~~[illegible]~~ generous; shows that humorous sympathy which brings everything into her scope — naturally; with a touch of salt & reality: she has the range of a good novelist, ~~[illegible]~~ bathing things in their own atmosphere too, only all so fragmentary & jerky. She loed me she had no wish to live. "I'm very

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happy" she said. Oh yes, very happy – But why should I want to go on living? What is there to live for? Your friends? – My friends are all dead. Ozzie? Oh he'd do just as well without me. I should like to tidy things up & disappear. But you believe in immortality?
No: I don't know that I do – Dust. Ashes I say."
She laughed of course; & yet, as I say, has somehow the all round imaginative view which makes one believe her. Certainly I like – is lose the word for these strange deep ancient affections, which began in youth, & have got mixed up with so many important things? I kept looking at her large pleasant blue eyes, so candid & generous, & hearty & going back to Fritham & Hyde Park Gate.

But this doesn't make a picture, all the same. I feel her somehow to be the sketch for a woman of Genius. All the fluid gifts have gone in; but not the bones. ones.

Friday 17th Feb

I've just had my dose of phenacetin – that is to say a mildly unfavourable review of Monday or Tuesday reported by Leonard from the Dial. The more depressing as I had vaguely hoped for approval in that August quarter. It seems as if I succeed nowhere. Yet, I'm glad to find, I have acquired a little philosophy. It amounts to a sense of freedom. I write what I like writing & there's an end on it. Moreover, heaven knows I get consideration enough.

Molly Hamilton sits for her portrait today.

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Her portrait, to be sure, was a little shadowed by the fact that, but for her, I should have had Lyllen in the Chair, & should have got more for my money.
She is a crude piece of work by comparison.
One of the strugglers; & thus a good deal of time must be wasted upon facts — how she is to get a job — what she can live on me. Besides, the strugglers are all worn & muscular with struggling. She is bitter against people. — Seems to me to ~~deal~~ ~~was~~ map, ~~blows~~, as a dog does with a thorn in his foot.
And something of her pleasure in seeing me is the Charwoman's pleasure in talking of her bad leg: by a ~~fire~~ grate which she need not polish, & with bearings which she need not wash up. However, to give her her due, she is a warm, courageous, battling woman; & I like her spirit, & the trophies she brings me of buffeting & of rejection — 'real' life; if one chooses to think it so. Never was anyone more on their own; & I think she means it when she wishes the motor omnibus would swerve ~~to the left~~ in her direction, but cant be bothered to step ~~right~~ to meet it. "And then I'm so angry with myself. I have a good howl & start afresh" I shouldn't like to come in from the Strand, grudging the omnibus its good guidance, find my fire out, no one there, & perhaps a business letter from a firm or an Editor. — something severe & impersonal. A dull man wants to marry her. Why not marry a nice man? I asked. After being on one's own for eight years its impossible to marry anyone"

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the told me. "One gets into the habit of ~~doing~~ being free to do as one likes." She had been the guest of Lady Rhondda in the South of France; & Lady R. who is a good able superficial woman, had psychologised her divorce proceedings all the time, which was boring Molly said; & Lady R. is a feminist, & Molly is not. But the Lady Rs. ought to be feminists, I said; & you must encourage them, for of the rich women will do it, we needn't: & its the feminists who will drain off this black blood of bitterness which is poisoning us all. So we talked, the fire dying out; all in shadow, which is the best light for women's nerves once they're passed 40. I observe that my women guests of that age - Molly & Elena, move to ~~the~~ have their backs to the window, on some excuse or other. Old Violet who has passed that stage, faces light composedly.

I meant to write about death. only life came breaking in as usual. I like, I see, to question people about death. I have taken it into my head that I shan't live till 70. Suppose, I said to myself the other day this pain over my heart suddenly wrung me out like a dish cloth & left me dead? - I was feeling sleepy, indifferent, & calm; & so thought it didn't much matter. Except for L. Then, some bird or light I do say, or waking wider, set me off wishing to live on my own - ~~[illegible]~~ wishing chiefly to walk along the river & look at things.

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Sat. Feb. 18th

Three dozen eggs at present prices work out at 10/6. Three dozen = 36. Four eggs for breakfast work out at 2s a week. This leaves 8 over for cooking. I have an egg now every night for dinner. I make these calculations not with a view to an essay upon national Economy, though that comes in. My weekly books — these are in my mind - the very top layer, to be lifted off here most conveniently. For according to the papers, the cost of living is now I don't know how much lower than last year; whereas my books remain about the same. You can't function fully much without rubbing a sore. The threatens at once to rend up a cheap meal "& Mr Woolf want like that." There! Not a very virtuous itch; a gratified by the sight of the new Byron letters just come from Murray. Once more my mind is distracted from the straight & death. There was something about fame I had it in mind to say yesterday — & I think it was that I have made up my mind that I'm not going to be popular, & to sincerely that I look upon disregard or abuse as part of my bargain. I'm to write what I like; & they're to say what they like. My only interest as a writer lies, I begin to see, in some queer individuality: not in strength, or passion, or anything startling, but there I say to myself, is not 'some queer individuality' precisely the quality I respect? Peacock, for example: Borrow; Donne; Douglas, in Alone, has a touch of it. who else comes to mind immediately? Fitzgerald Letters. People with this gift go on sounding long after the melodious vigorous music is banal. In proof of this, I read that a

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mall boy. given a book by Marie Corelli for a Sunday
School prize, at once killed himself; & the Coroner
remarked that ~~one~~ the books were not what he
himself would call "at all a nice book." So
perhaps the Mighty Atom is dwindling away. a
Night & day arising. through the Voyage Out seems at the
moment most in esteem. That encourages me. After
7 years next month April the Dial speaks of its
superb artistry. If they say the same of Night and
7 years I shall be content; but I must wait 14 for
anyone to take Monday or Tuesday to heart.
I want to read Byron's Letters, but I must go on with
La Princesse de Clèves. This masterpiece has long been on
my conscience. Me to talk of fiction & not to have
read this classic! But reading classics is generally
hard going. Especially classics like this one, which are
Classics because of their perfect taste. Shapeliness, composure,
artistry. Not a hair gets head is disheveled. I
think the beauty very great, but hard to appreciate.
All the characters are noble. The movement is
Stately. The machinery a little cumbrous. Stories
have to be told. Letters dropped. Not the
action of the human heart & not of muscle or fate that we
watch. But stories of noble human hearts have their
unapproachable top in other circumstances. There is
a quiet understated profundity in the relations between
moments Madame de Clèves & her mother, for example. If I
were reviewing it. I'd think I should take for my
text beauty in Character. Thank God though I am

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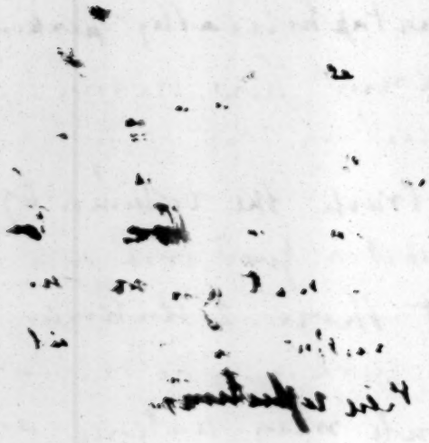
not reviewing it. Within the last few minutes I have skimmed the reviews in the New Statesman; between coffee & cigarette I read the Nation: now the best brains in England (metaphorically speaking) sweated themselves for I don't know how many hours to give me this brief condescending sort of amusement. When I read reviews I crush the column together to get at one or two sentences; is it a good book or a bad? And then I discount those 2 sentences according to what I know of the book & of the reviewer. But when I write a review I write every sentence as if it were going to be tried before 3 Chief Justices: I ~~just~~ cant believe that I am crushed together & discounted. Reviews seem to me more & more frivolous. Criticism on the other hand absorbs me more & more.

But after 6 weeks influenza my mind throws up no matutinal fountains. My note book lies by my bed unopened. At first I could hardly read for the swarm of ideas that rose involuntarily. I had to write them out at once. And this is great fun.

A little air, seeing the buses go by, lounging by the river, will, the please God, ~~we~~ send the sparks flying again. I am suspended between life & death in an unfamiliar way. Where is my paper knife? I must cut Lord Byron.



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Monday
Tues 6th
March

The cat lets this moose run a few steps once more. I have walked for 10 minutes only, according to the directions of Dr. Jainsbury, who after examining me for an hour said — many things: among them that we can't go abroad. But to I am back again, to after 2 months this very day, sitting in my chair after tea, writing: & I wrote Jacob this morning, & though my temperature is not normal, my habits are: & that is all I care for. No more lounging & dressing. Doctors visits ye morning, I hope. Yet I no longer feel very trustful. And Ralph maybe in any moment to stop these refutations.

Sunday
12th
March

This book dwindles, now that I draw my stream off in the morning. Were it not for the irritation of suspense — Nelly & Lollie: the hospital: the operation, & my own raging foothache — by which I designate my desire to be writing out the preface to Reading, I should let this page lie blank. Yet many portraits are owed to it — I have seen people & people. Eliot, Clive, Violet, — if no one else. Of these Eliot amuses me most — Grown supple as an Eel; yes, grown positively familiar & jocular & friendly, though retaining I hope some shreds of authority. I mustn't lick all the paint off my gods. He is starting a magazine; to which 20 people are to contribute: & Leonard & I are among them! So what does it matter if K. M. soars in the newspapers, & runs up sales skyhigh? Ah. Those found a fine way of putting her in her place.

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the more she is praised, the more I am convinced she is bad. After all, there's some truth in this. She touches the spot too universally ~~to be a very~~ for that not to be of the bluest blood.

"I've ceased even to think about Mary. I've forgotten all about him" said Tom.

What, then, did we discuss? He has written a poem of 40 pages, which we are to print in the autumn. This is his best work, he says. He is pleased with it; takes heart, I think, from the thought of that safe in his desk. Clive, via Mary, says he uses violet powder to make him look cadaverous. Thus it appears that Mary is not on good terms with Tom; & that I am seeing Clive rather frequently. He comes on Wednesdays; jolly, & sorry, & squab: a man of the world; & enough of my old friend, & enough of my old lover, to make the afternoons hum. One a week is probably enough. His letters suggest doubts. But, oh dear me, after 9 weeks claustration, I want to vault the wall, & pick a few flowers. The ethical code of Bloomsbury allows poaching; & I'm amused to see how far their ethics are merely theoretic. Moreover, & more seriously, a change of relationship, a middle aged relationship, offers new experiences.

Then I hit Morgan on the wing. He had come to London that very day, & so came here, & was, we thought, depressed to the verge of inanition.

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To come back to Weybridge, to come back to an ugly house a mile from the station, an old, fussy, gaching mother, to come back having lost your Rajah, without a novel, & with no power to write one — this is dismal, I expect at the age of 43. The middle age of b—s is not to be contemplated without horror. But he was charming, transparent; & told us as much as we could get out. A years absence fills one too full for many drops to issue upon turning the bottle ~~over~~ upside down. He told us about the sparrows that fly about the Palace — No one troubles about them. "I used to shoot at them sometimes." One got caught in the electric wire. There it ~~han~~ hung until it wrenched its claw off & flew away. The squirrels sat on the piano. & There is a great quarrel between the elder branch & the younger branch. The younger branch came to the festival of the God. He treated me very nicely, & hoped to see more of me. "If I thought they they would treat you with decent politeness, I should be only too glad that you should go" the Rajah said. I used to row on the lake which was nice. The Indians were too heavy to row. There were black hills. A very nice climate, but dull. There were sparrows only. In other parts the birds were so lovely — I thought of Jim Virginia [which pleased me]. I don't believe in native states any more. Agitators don't exist there. If they come, they disappear. It is a very nice life: but one wants other people to talk to. It is much nicer than this.

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I felt no enthusiasm at seeing my native cliffs again." That was obvious. Off he went, carrying a very heavy metal plate, to dine with Aunt Rosalie at Putney.

Friday March 24th

I write in order to drown the voice of the canary bird — Leonard's typewriting I mean. I cannot read it down, but I can write it down. Grave is imminent. I have nothing special to add as to my circumstance. Still invalided, I set & receive Kiibox almost daily; & say nothing about them here. I am writing the first chapter of Reading with the usual fabulous zest. I have never enjoyed any writing more. How often have I said this? Does the pleasure last? I forget — I say I shall write the book in 6 months — under the year, at any rate. For this reason, people are neglected, & accumulate, up & up & up: I cannot see them now — Nessa, Duncan, Joynbee, Bobo, Goldie, Mason, Roger, Clive, Clive, Clive, Ray: Clive is the most persistent! We talked from 4.30 to 10.15 the other day. It is clear that I am to rub up his wits, & in return I get my manners polished. I hear of supper parties; elicit facts about drunk & talk & goings on. Viola Tree starts singing Mozart with a great hole in her stocking: Christabel "a little lump of passion": Mary — mum; Shearman confiding at 3. A.M. his distaste for life. Off we go — C. & I — upon our relish for it. He enjoys everything — even the old hag in the doorway. There is no truth, ~~but~~ about life, he says, except what we feel. It is good often enjoy it, & so forth. Obviously we reach no heights of

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reason. Nor do we become completely intimate. A little colour is added to taste. We have our embrace; our grill of sentiments. Impossible, as Nessa says, to talk without it. But I ~~but~~ perceive, chiefly through his letters, that once a fortnight is the pitch your relationship.

Nelly & Lollie have talked till the sky seems nothing but a dish cover echoing their changes grind. They go ~~down to~~ home for the week end to settle the matter & eat birthday cakes, & I guess that she won't go to hospital after all. Refer back to some other scene of the kind if you wish to know how many hours have been wasted; how many reflections upon the lower classes formulated; & how often L: has approached me before I order dinner with ~~his~~ a pained, solicitous appearance, begging me on no account to say this or that, strongly advising me at all costs to make ~~another~~ something else plain.

Betty Potter loves me; is in despair; & I have to see her rehearse in order to keep her from suicide. How can any one be such a fool as to believe in any one?

Thursday March 30th

They have decided for the operation; or rather Johnston has decided for them; & no one can overrule his finding, ~~so~~ as he alone had the materials. Now Emma Gilman is in the house. & we have just presented a rose coloured dressing jacket. The atmosphere is a little tremulous, with that kind of significance in trivial sayings which is moving & uncomfortable. It is snowing now, large loose watery flakes; they fall straight; there is no wind: four tined to large drops hang on the branch against the window; (but I am thinking out tomorrow's

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Thursday
March
30th

writing. or even skipping to the end of the book, & thinking what I shall say about Shaw) Muddy water is in the evening sky, & we began summer time last Sunday, so the evening sky is prolonged. The poor Vaughans will find it very difficult to get through the long evening: & Emma will take a turn in Kensington Gardens, or will as say, as she once said to me, "She always expects something of the summer; but somehow, it never seems to happen." This she said some time in 1908 in Russell Square, one evening.

I am thinking Bobo's rehearsal, which I meant to describe. Miss Craig is a rosy, ruddy 'personage' in white waistcoat, with black bow tie & gold chain loosely knotted.

~~What~~ Stop those monkey tricks, do Saunders - & let us have some light.

Miss Craig (Saunders stands right up to the footlights & shouts through his hollowed hands:) "There's a shout on the battens. Miss Craig

Lets have the flats then....

Now, all of you. I want you to listen carefully to the music. Make the movements that suggest themselves to you.

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Beautiful lady, you go up to the balcony. Can you step to the left? No: I won't take risks. Young man, Dunlop, you walk straight - straight I say - straight - Can't you move that table? No? Well then to the right. Miss Potter (this with some acerbity) you needn't dance.

Poor Betty looked like the skeleton you shop.

She is at one of her crises, & may be dismissed the stage over this affair.

But this, as usually the atmosphere I want to get.

The ruffle, candid, free & easy good sense of theatrical manners, as I noted them at tea. "My dear boy," drinking out of the same cup. Little Lancaster said when I asked of she walked in her pyjamas "Oh do stop being funny" - I don't think one could use one's brain without being warned off. Still, it don't much matter. I walked with Miss Litvinne, mother of an illegitimate child, from Dam Longacre, & found her like an articulate terrier - eyes wide apart; greased to life; nimble: sure footed, without a cleft anywhere in her brain. They go to the Cabaret; all night dances: John Foss sings.

She was communicative, even admiring I think. Anyhow, I like Bohemians. Then we went in to the theatre, & there was the light on, the group significant. (Bobo's children) gold tissue: something stimulating unreal.

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Thursday
~~May~~
April 27th

Just back — not from the Club, but from Lopekhorn & Rodmell, & fingers are so cold I cant close them on my pen. It is blackening for another downpour. This is the worst spring on record. 27 days of bitter wind, blinding rain, gusts, snow storms, ~~rain~~ storms every day. So Rodmell was mitigated joy, & to this was added Nelly's diversion. So that we had to carry coals ourselves. The left us after a week, unable to stand the bi-weekly journey to Lottie in hospital.

We saw Mayors, Nessa, & Cecils. Lady G. Cecil is much like a terrier day in coat & skirt: worried, untidy, insignificant; ardent, masculine in talk; a terrier on a chain; a great lady much snubbed & reduced: whore, I wonder, do her lines & cavities come from? The Sotus was her heyday, when she went to Glasgow with Ld. Salisbury & there were 10,000 people in the station who cheered ~~liked~~ like one man — (the Gordon crisis I think). Jimmy & Hugh & I spent all our pocket money & more — Jimmy was in debt for 3 years, getting up an agitation about Gordon — hiring halls & speakers. Where's that spirit now? The whole of politics is dominated by one personality in whom no one believes. Gladstone was a dishonest man if you like — but he was a great man. He had a policy. This man has nothing. Hugh tells me there's no politics now as there was in our youth. Its a different thing. Your husband says the same. All spites & personalities. Very bad for the country. — We faced each other standing & kill in the woods to ~~deliver~~ deliver these views.

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Sunday June 11th

Disgraceful! disgraceful! disgraceful!

From the 27th day of April to this, the Eleventh of June, not a word has been recorded. And I only write now to excuse myself from copying out a page or two of Jacob for Miss Green. The depression of a return from Rodmell is always acute. Perhaps this continued temperature — I lost 3 teeth in vain the other day — may be some sort of cause for my ups & downs. Yet the 10th days at Rodmell passed smoothly. One lives in the brain there — I slip easily from writing to reading with spaces between of walking — walking through the long grass in the meadows, or up the downs; & well I need not talk about June. ~~Extraordinary~~ Perfection is such that it becomes like a normal state: ~~such is~~ such is Weather; & happiness is not strange but normal too — And so of course, coming back from Rodmell, — blank — & reason for blank forgotting as well as blank contents. If I give my reason, I shall waste my time & energy.

Friday June 23rd

I was telling lies to Dorothy Burry the other day about this very book — how I lived in writing — & wrote & wrote in the streets — & coming home floated it off here. I think I've been working too hard; talking too much; to open this book. Working at copying Jacob after tea. That, of course, deserves a page or two — my premonitory shiver. As for the talk, it has been all about love & lies with Ralph. We have had a mad bull in the house — a normal Englishman in love; & deceived. My comments could fill a book, & perhaps will fill a book. I don't find it possible to excuse all, as tradition exacts, & Ralph agrees that it should exact. In short, I don't like the normal when it is at 1000 horse power. His stupidity, blindness, callousness, struck me

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more powerfully than the magic virtues of passion. And yet it was interesting — very genuine on his part; save for the flimsy disguise with which he tried to excuse himself. I began by believing his story — that C. had lied in matters of such importance that their relations were now forever damaged. But he concealed his some essentials: how he had treated her, so as to foster lies. He supplied some very queer facts. one, that he flew into a passion (& his passions are like those in books) because she got naked with V. Dobrée. And he thinks this fine. "But I am like that." "You're a maniac" I said. Indeed I shouted it in the train coming back from Roger's lecture. I lost my temper. We believed across the train crumbling the fuzzy his eyes: turns rose pink: looks like taking aim at a rabbit. Shouts louder & louder. "I should have left you if you had treated me like that." He does not answer. That is his good point. Old Victorian sherry drinking square though he is, one can launch out at him, & he is trained ~~en~~ enough to stand fire. She is far subtler & more civilised; ~~I her~~ a liar, I doresay; but then one must lie to children. So after this, & I think a little on account of my bellowing: a reconciliation took place. At least he chatters again to day, & won't allude to it. Lytton is gone, & so is Valentine: But I sketch this, partly from discretion, partly from haste, & so leave out the links. It was the stupidity of virility that impressed me — & how, having made those convenient railway lines of convention, the lusts speed along them, unquestioning. She is not in love with anyone, I expect; though Lytton has the afterglow of any passion she has. & this queers R's pitch.

Now I have little time for anything else.

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We have seen a great many people. Rogers lectures provide a rendezvous. Eliot dined last Sunday & read his poem. He sang it & chanted it & ~~[illegible]~~ rhythmed it. It has great beauty & force of phrase: symmetry, & density. What connects it together, I'm not so sure. But he read till he had to rush — letters to write about the London Magazine — & discussion thus was curtailed. One was left, however, with some strong emotion. The Waste Lands, he's called; & Mary Hutch, who has heard it more quietly, interprets it to be Tom's autobiography — a melancholy one. Yes, Mary kissed me on the stairs. That was after the Memoir Club. Lytton & Morgan read; & our standard is such that ~~it~~ ~~now~~ ~~leaves~~ little is left for me to hint & guess at. They say what they mean, very brilliantly; & leave the dark as it was before. Then Mary crossed the room & purred in my ear. Molly grows very deaf, & I scold myself for not sitting next her. She puts her chin on her hand & looks wistfully round: says random rather disconsolate. Morgan, who is now out & about again, thanks to Leonard's advice, very calm, serene, like a kettle boiling by some private fire, a fire at Weybridge, ~~[illegible]~~ spent the night here after the Dinner, & then we sat round the table & discussed his book. Our list grows more & more distinguished, but why is there no boom in Tolstoi? No one buys Karn, or Fredegond; but Bunin sells now fairly well. Jacob, as I say, is being typed by Miss Green, & crosses the Atlantic in July 14th. Then will begin my season of doubts & ups & downs. I am guarding myself in this way. I am going to be well on with a story for Eliot, lives for Squire, & Reading; so that I

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can vary the side of the pillow as fortune inclines. If they say this is all a clever experiment, I shall produce Mrs Dalleway in Bond Street as the finished product. If they say your fiction is impossible, I shall say what about Miss Demerod, a fantasy. If they say, you can't make us care a damn for any of your figures — I shall say, read my criticism then. Now what will they say about Jacob? Mad, I suppose: a disconnected rhapsody: I don't know. I will confide my view to this book on re-reading. On re-reading novels is the title of a very laborious, yet rather gifted article, for the Supt. And Leonard is going to make £3,000 a year, via Mr. & Mrs Holt, an incredible couple, who spent an incredible afternoon with us at Monks. "He sells everything — he'll be selling me next" she says, very arch.

Mr. Holt half winked, & cocked his head.

Little woman', little woman" said Mr. Holt.

"He's the straightest boy that ever lived" said Mrs. Holt, not without emotion.

"No there's nothing to be done with books. Henry isn't at all keen I should try. Henry made £30 by an hours work this morning. He keeps his mother, & his orphan sister & her child in a semi-detached house with two yards. Everything as nice as it can be."

Mr. Holt looked L-straight in the eyes — liked to talk business alone — praised the house & garden too lavishly. Very much in the style of a best seller himself. Perfectly unreal, sentimental, & not, in spite of Mr. Holt, very straight, I should say.

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Monday 17th July

Back from Garsington, & too unsettled to write — I meant to say read: but then this does not count as working. This to me like scratching; or, if it goes well, like having a bath — which Gloucester, I did not get at Garsington. But Julian said at breakfast this morning that she wanted to be rich in order to have hot baths. Philip replied that they are now laying on water. Then Julian said she wanted to put milk in her bath, if it kept her complexion. She didn't mind being a fine lady. She wanted to come to London; but "mummy only goes for operations & horrid things like that" I did once stay with Brett, but they wouldn't let me go again" O. & P. be stood by with their long cold noses peering into letters assiduously.

But this was the last 10 minutes of my stay. I don't know that any incident burnt through the long windy cold day. I liked old Birrells stories. He is a very well matured vintage: the barrel round & tight & mellow; & the wine within bright & sweet, & not lacking tang either. At least he laid down the law very briskly about Logan's character: "nasty" — & Lady Colefax — a bore "I prefer Sir Alfred who makes all the money. When fat old gentlemen like myself go to the house, those roguish Sitwell boys set at the ~~opp~~ window opposite & cry through a megaphone "The Ambassador from Sweden"." His account of the society into which Logan introduced me the other day was not rosy. A general distrust, hidden satire, gorging of pâte de foie gras in public, unpropriétés, & incessant celebrities. Birrell does it — sets there, I suppose, by way of distraction; & pays for his tea by talk. Ottoline has her little

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green book worm with the gilt pillars stuffed with pretty yellow books. There I sat, crouching over the fire, & we talked, rather on our guard — a little tooth less, perhaps. Much disillusioned she said she was, but now indifferent to disillusionment. So we had the case of Aldous Huxley — a pretty poor one "mere marionettes, not gen at all — mere marionettes — why should mere marionettes destroy a long & cherished friendship? yours very affectionately Aldous Huxley." But mere marionettes have destroyed it. There is Murry pleading & whining to be taken in at the Bailiffs house, with a view to Oxford honours, so Birrell shrewdly said.
Still we were low in tone — had she not an operation on her bladder two days before? But energy ran like whips through her. Tea was a long rambling meal — I had Mrs Seligman to talk to; & plunged into her hidden tragedy — a boy undeveloped; & a girl dead. Her poor wretched hambed hare face lit it all up. The boy, she says, has, she knows, a most remarkable mind, but cant read at 11. Sheppard was there with his shiny Homer beneath his arm, depressed, & O. sought to raise his spirits by calling him the happiest of men.
P. Drove me into Oxford this morning; & there was Miss Margesson on the platform. This takes me back to last week; my party at Logans: at Marys; at the Squires. Yes, I saw Lady Colefax & likened her to hard red cherries on a cheap black hat. And Lady Lewis was there, who remembered my mother ~~at~~ before she married my father & thought her the most beautiful, the most delightful, of women "— gin ie very good looking, too, but not like her."

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one gets flattered & stimulated at these places; & I found myself thinking of fame, & seeing doors open before me; but I was too much of a coward to walk in to Kent House the next day to meet la Princesse de Polignac, Lytton Strachey, & others. But one of these days no doubt I shall. But to make one love literature — this is the way. I have skimped all this disgracefully. & here now to stitch myself a new book, & start fresh at Rodmell.

The 1917 Club has opened its new rooms, & is infested with Majors & Hurreys (who has written a book in the style of Lytton).

Leonard has been offered Brailsford's post on the Nation; & has taken it, about of note writing. He is quit of The Contemporary in January.

Philip is back, & installed at Wadderden.

I am finishing Jacob's Room.

Grizzel now belongs to us.

I have seen Hope, Logan, Lady Cromer, Hurrey, Duncan, & I don't know who all this last week, but have said nothing.

We dine in the drawing room — the dining room being given over to print & Ralph (he annoys us both considerably.) My temp. goes on, as usual, & Dr. Hamill thinks that my right lung is suspicious Ferguson says no. And perhaps I shall have to see Jainsbury to settle it.

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Wed. July 19th

I will seize the opportunity of tea being done, Ralph gone. — Leonard writing letters, to pay some of my dues here. I put aside Mary to write about. One very cold west night last week, or week before, she dined with me, alone, Leonard out, no servants; rain making the streets swim. I opened the door, & there she was with her white Pierrot face, black satin, orange shawl, laced shoes — the whole outfit merely to dine with me in the rain. She is an impulsive generous woman, whose generosity still exists, but subterraneously I think, floored over by her society varnish, & only let issue by people who don't compete. She started off upon her treatment by Vanessa, & this was the object of her visit, I suspect; to get me, I mean, to act ambassador. But, at my age, I tend to believe in the moment, more than in posthumous reflections. She was nice enough to me, chattering about her new dress for Chrissie's party; &, whether I was deluded or not I don't know, but she seemed able to put up some defence against my literary observations. That she may repel me with Tom's arguments is no doubt true. All I maintain (& I maintain this against Nessa (Leonard) is that she showed up well on that occasion; & indeed I suspect that Nessa unintentionally flattens her more than she suspects. The situation is against nature. Nature outs, under disguise, which of course complicates. Sitting at the kitchen table at no 50 I had this out with Nessa; & I remember how pleased I was to be taking my ease there, & not tiptoeing at in the cold at Lady Colefax's — to meet the Princesse de Polignac. Nothing can be done says Nessa. Moreover, nothing needs to be done,

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since in October Clive sets up at no 50, & can entertain Mary there. In fact, says Nessa, all this palaver about friendship with N. is merely a selfseeking device to improve M's own position, which, in the autumn, may need re-inforcing. And M. has set Clive against Lydia, & so turned off Maynard; & then one night she kissed Roger, & set afloat the usual contrary stories; altogether, her character is too much in holes for this last attempt to patch it up, & my embarry was fruitless. The truth is, as I am fond of beginning my sentence, that alliances of this kind always cut grooves somewhere or other — being contrary to all passion; & you cant, even in 1922, do what Plato & Shakespeare couldn't do. No intelligence bridles the old hag — nature, to wit. Ralph's old hag is temporarily under control. Today he has a story that Maynard & Lytton are to buy the English Review from Austin Harrison, set him up as Drudge, pay their contributors £10.10. a thousand words, & beat all rivals. If Ralph wants it, then I think Lytton may agree; not otherwise. At Garsington they were getting up a subscription to give Tom £300, & so free him from journalism. These two bits of gossip seem to belong together; & there was a third — that the Nation contributors have signed a Round Robin asking that Murry be removed — which leads naturally to Sydney Waterlow the other night — yes, he dined here, in his pearl tie pin. I thought him sweeter, more reasonable, than usual. He has lost his last shreds of belief in Murry, save in Murry's Criticism, but as this too, depends upon spites & whims, I don't think even that can be saved from the wreck. Sydney is very proud of his lawn & his fruit trees. He wishes his children were bigger. The little boy promises to be intelligent. Parents never mark

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their pride successfully. How proud Philip & Ottoline were because Julian could say Prufrock by heart! But bitterness struggles with Ottoline's pride. "Half a dozen tennis balls are quite enough. You only have them out in the wet". I dont leave them out in the wet, Mummy". — typical of many breakfast talks, no doubt. But Sydney is softer, for the moment, & did not blow a bellow as much as usual.

Now, I never talked to Hussey (who is Mrs Enfield) about her book, though she accosted me in the Club for that purpose, for these reasons. She doesn't praise my writing. She imitates Lytton. And she doesn't know the art of reading. Never, for goodness sake, set yourself to read Balzac through & talk about it. If you must do these athletics, do them in the bathroom. Somehow the connection between life & literature must be made by women: & they so seldom do it right. There was Hussey stalking beside me to the Landon Library (though I wished to be alone) & mincing out highly intelligent remarks beneath the horses noses, about seeing things like God & setting the cap on, & I so much rather she'd talk about her cat, her cook, or her weekly bills. But, of course, she didn't praise me. And she marries the dullest man in London, & they travel in Italy. What is worth while? Only feeling things for yourself — & this, I dont think poor Hussey dares do. One might feel, for example, that Ralph was a bore, & Balzac sometimes dull. Can you like Balzac if you like Ralph? That's what I ask myself when I talk to Hussey. She is an ironmongers daughter, & thus the chain of Lytton galls her neck.

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Saturday July 22nd

My camera drives me again to write.

"This is real rain" says L. at the window.

"Mrs. Thornett went have to go right up somewhere to get pails of water" says Lottie.

It is pouring heavy, straight, thick. Puddles stand in the garden. This stuffy, dusky skyed. A white mist of rain blows off the roofs. One poor plant is bent over. We have just had Saturday tea, at which we read the weeklies, & abused poor Cur Murry. He slobbers over Garnett this week, which suggests that Garnett has slobbered over him. You can't write criticism without being a good man, so I maintain. She always sees the soul through words. Alive came to tea yesterday, & offered me only the faded & fly blown remnants of his mind. He had been up late. So had I — at the pictures. For my own part, all my strings are jangled by a night out. Dissipation would not my writing (such as this, I put in, modestly) Words next day dance patterns in my mind. It takes me a week to recover from Lady Colefax — who by the way invites me for Friday. Col-fox = black fox. This is from my Chaucer reading. The question yesterday was about Lytton & the English Review. Would it be good or bad for his writing? Ralph says that he is depressed; blocked by the play he can't write — & never will be able to write, say I; & if he lubricated himself with journalism, he might reel off some history or biography, & ~~of~~ 'd so pass by the play unmoved; & this is his line, & a good one, too, I say. But Leonard thinks that my Kew & Ralphs are temporal compromising Kews, to which Lytton ought not to listen. Partly I am influenced by a wish ~~to~~ for the fun of the thing —

Yes he does in Friday Nights.

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12 numbers ya new review wrotters by the most brilliant of the age — myself among them. paid double: London Mercury killed. &c &c.
But James is spending this wet Sunday at Tidmarsh: — James will addle the egg.

If Lytton takes it, Ralph is to be business manager. — leave us. Well? We are polite, but we don't sign.
And here is a long letter from Wobree, opened by mistake, thinking that R is in mischief again.
His spirits are down, & even the servants notice he surliness. Poor young man! For really he was never meant for intellectual whirlpools. No: he was meant for punts in backwaters, gramophones, ices, flirtations, a pretty wife, large family, & interests in the city.
Nature is perpetually decking him to convert Tidmarsh into the likeness of this, & so everything goes athwart him. We have had luck with our prentices.
Next time we must stipulate for Eunuchs.
Hamill sticks to it that my right lung is wrong. Ferguson finds nothing. Pneumonia germs have been discovered.
And my case is to be laid before Jacksbury on the 9th — all rather a bore.

Wed. July 20th

Just in from tea with the Merikes: who are vulgar. L. says: — I think I agree. They have vulgar friends. "Pocky" — The girls name was, to whom Hope & I talked. She & the second housemaid had been carrying a salmon about London. She told us the story of her Cornelians. Her mother now keeps her jewels, because she can't be trusted. Her mother calls her 'little girl'; & her nostrils opened too wide, & she was self-possessed, & crude & cut a dash, & had no mind, & had the shingles in her hair, & would set in gossiping with Hope, who seemed to like it all better than I thought right. Rub off the top varnish — life. youth. colour, wealth, (which we grant Pocky)

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& what remains? A dull old woman.

On Sunday L. read through Jacob's Room. He thinks it my best work. But his first remark was that it was amazingly well written. We argued about it. He calls it a work of genius; he thinks it unlike any other novel; he says that the people are ghosts; he says it is very strange: I have no philosophy of life he says: my people are puppets, places moved hither & thither by fate. He doesn't agree that fate works in this way. Thinks I should use my 'method', on one or two characters next time; & he found it very interesting, & beautiful, & without lapse (save perhaps the party) & quite intelligible. Pocky has so disturbed my mind that I cannot write this as formally as it deserves, for I was anxious & excited. But I am on the whole pleased. Neither yes knows what the public will think. There's no doubt in my mind that I have found out how to begin (at 40) to say something in my own voice; & that interests me so that I feel I can go ahead without praise

Friday July 28th

The affairs of the Ps. have engrossed us for 2 hours again; & a postcript had to be added to Lytton on the telephone. I'm afraid its a sordid business, as C. said. Nor do I like to see women unhappy. P's conduct is that of the village Don Juan. Again, he behaves like a bull in a garden. And with it he is malicious. He is a male bully, as L. says. I am reminded of the tantrums of Adrian & Clive. There is something maniacal in masculine vanity.

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August. 1922.
Rodmell

Aug 3rd

Owing to the change of ink & the change of place, I here begin a new page. Twice a year I make good resolutions — in August & October. My good resolution for August is to work methodically, yet with the grain not against it. Often, my wisdom teaches me, good resolutions wither because forced. And modern science teaches us to respect pleasure, or that is my reading.

I should make one of my little addings up of days, since there is a break. On the whole a good summer, by which I mean that pleasures — dining out, seeing people, — were rather meanfully combined with reading & writing & staying at home. On the whole, L. & I are becoming celebrities: L. would deny this; but then he did not go to Logan's tea party, nor to Garsington. Still ~~my~~ I draw my observation from other sources. Reputation seems to accumulate though we published nothing this year. Mrs. Nicolson thinks me the best woman writer — & I have almost got used to Mrs. Nicolson's having heard of me. But ~~I~~ it gives me some pleasure. Again, I am on freer terms with my little world, & have the chance I think to expand it, only no money to buy clothes. I am horribly in debt for Joyce & Proust at this moment, & must sell books directly I get back to London. We ended our season last Monday at the Commercio, with Clive & Roger. Roger came in with his hair flying & his coat flying carrying canvases — his mouth open, his eyes searching round — & we had our usual talk. Clive had his bits of gossip; & did I not by my evil eye inspire one of them? Mrs. Thanks (so they say) has left the Georgian poet. But Tom,

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Commy round to Gordon Square afterwards, was by no means so certain of this as I could wish. Tony was sardonic, guarded, precise, & slightly malevolent, as usual. Clive, of course, on his good behaviour. He sounded me as to a visit to Wiltering. Nessa had the mumps downstairs. Duncan drifted in, soft haired, vague, gentle as usual. And Roger undid his canvases, & leant 2 portraits of Logan against the sofa. "Yes, I think that is the best portrait I have done so far" he said. "I think I have never carried anything quite so far as that head." He is 55 I suppose; & still thinks he is about to begin to paint as he should — a merciful dispensation — a carrot to lure him across the desert. But it is no desert to Roger. Every faculty is used & burnished, & some fairly on the way to be worn out. He suffers, consults doctors, aches & shivers, but eternally goes on. The perfect man, as I told him, & as indeed I believe him to be. He is off to spend the summer painting with Derain. It is his obsession now — to paint, paint, paint. Nothing else is worth doing. Pamela is marrying, or failing to marry, her Roumanian Jew.

Yesterday I walked to the top of Asheham hill, & found colonies of mushrooms on the way. The house now looks a little rigid & fixed, the country shut in, & severe compared with this. But the garden here, with the outhouses & their ivy down, is a lovely patch — open & airy with views of the hills; & so far Ted Hunter remains quiescent. The rot has set in, I hope, & I pray that Ted Hunter's wife may now elope with Mr. Belloc. Allison will then lose his fortune, & Bowen being with child by thanks, the Hankerfords will leave, & the Woolves be left by themselves in chastity & glory

I must breach a new page to announce the

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beginning, the true not spurious beginning, of Reading this morning. I shall write next that I have never enjoyed any writing more, or felt more certain of success. Jacob's Room is crossing the Atlantic.

Wednesday 16th Aug.

I should be reading Klypres, & fabricating my case for & against. I have read 200 pages so far – not a third: & have been amused, stimulated, charmed interested by the first 2 or 3 chapters – to the end of the Cemetery scene: & then puzzled bored, irritated & disillusioned by a queasy undergraduate scratching his pimples. And Tom, great Tom, thinks this on a par with War & Peace! An illiterate, underbred book it seems to me: the book of a self taught working man. & we all know how distressing they are, how egotistic, insistent, raw, striking, & ultimately nauseating. When one can have the cooked flesh: why have the raw? But I think of you are anaemic, as Tom is, there is a glory in blood. Being fairly normal myself I am soon ready for the classics again. I may revise this later. I do not compromise my critical sagacity. I must put plant a stick in the ground to mark page 200.

For my own part I am laboriously dredging my mind for Mrs. Dalloway & bringing up light buckets. I don't like the feeling I'm writing too quickly. I must press it together. I wrote 4 thousand words of reading in record time, 10 days: but then it was merely a quick sketch of Pastors, supplied by books. Now I break off, according to my quick change theory, to write Mrs. D. (who ushers in a host of others, I begin to perceive)

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then I do Chaucer; & finish the first chapter early in September. By that time, I have my Greek beginning perhaps, in my head: & so the future is all pegged out, & when Jacob is rejected in America & ignored in England, I shall be philosophically ~~to~~ driving my plough fields away. They are cutting the corn all over the country, which supplies that metaphor, & perhaps excuses it. But I need no excuses, since I am not writing for the Set Sup. Shall I ever write for them again?

I see I have said nothing about our day in London — Dr. Sainsbury, Dr Ferguson, & the semi-legal discussion over my body, which ended in a bottle of quinine pills, a box of lozenges, & a brush to varnish my throat with. Influenza & pneumonia germs, perhaps, says Sainsbury, very softly, wisely, & with extreme deliberation "Equanimity — practise equanimity Mrs Woolf" he said, as I left: an unnecessary interview from my point of view; but we were forced into it by one step after another on the part of the bacteriologists. I take my temperature no more till Oct. 1st.

Meanwhile, there is the question of Ralph. This — it is the old question of his lumpiness, grumpiness, slovenliness, & stupidity versus his niceness, strength, fundamental amiability & connections — has been forced on us by one of Rogers suggestions — a man called Whittal, wants to come in: young, intelligent, with a motor car, well dressed, sociable, & critical; living in London, & not pressed for money. I am a little alarmed by the social values of Mr W: for we don't want the Press to be a fashionable hobby for patronised & inspired by Chelsea. Whitall lives only two doors off Logan.

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Tuesday Aug. 22nd

On this day, I don't know how many years ago, 1897 to be precise, Jack came to Hindhead & was accepted by Stella in the moon lit garden. We wandered about the house till she came in & told us. Thoby thought they were tramps. I tried to describe the little trees in the moon light. Jack was accepted in Tyndall's little study on that bare heath.

1922
1897
25

twenty five years ago. As she died so soon after, somehow it still seems to me like a real thing, unsmothered by the succeeding years. But I always have to confess, when I write diary in the morning. It is only 11.30. to be honest, & I have left off Mrs Dalloway in Bond Street; & really why is it? I should very much like to account for my depression. Sydney Waterlow spent the week end here; & yesterday we had a day outing at Brighton. At Brighton I saw a lovely blue Victorian dress, which L. advised me not to buy. Sydney reproduced in his heavy lifeless voice exactly the phrases in which Murry dismisses my writing "merely silly – one simply doesn't read it – you're a back number." Then Squire rejected Leonards story; & perhaps I dont like seeing new houses built all about; & get edgy about our field. So now I have assembled my facts – to which I now add my spending 10/6 on photographs, which was developed in my dress cupboard last night; & they are all failures. Compliments, clothes, building, photography – this for these reasons that I cannot write Mrs. Dalloway. Indeed it is fatal to have visitors, even like Clive for one day, in the middle of a story. I had just got up steam. All that agony now has to begin again. And Sydney,

however one may discount him beforehand, is always a feather bed on a hot night - tenderous, meritorious, stuffy. The stuffing is now provided by Kot. & Julian, who have provided him with a new outfit. Everything is conscientiously revised by them not to me, penetrating flame; & if the process is done in one's presence it becomes, I don't know why, curiously enervating, humiliating & depressing. Some rooms always smell mouldy - good well built rooms too. No one ever suffered to ~~detach~~ acutely from atmosphere as I do: & my leaves dropped one by one; though heaven knows my root is firm enough. As L. very truely says there is too much ego in my cosmos.

In fact, Sydney was lighter in hand than I have known him. He had made a vow, for at 45 he makes vows, not to discuss his personal affairs. A deep groan intimated to much when we approached the detestable subject. No: he must refrain. We passed the door. And he got naked & bathed, & made the river look many sizes too small. He is a soft pink man when naked. We talked too much about Murry. Still, it would have been unwise not to, considering our lack of subjects of equal value. Yet Sydney considers that he can talk about literature. He can pick up a pencil & I am thinking of Thoreau, whose fineness of touch was proved by some dealing of his with pencils. I mean that Sydney is entirely without fineness of touch. His grandmother was a rat-catcher's daughter: his Grandfather a printer's devil: both facts which he profoundly regrets. And so do I.

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I am once more waiting off the fidgets. Ah, but how divinely happy we were until 12.30 on Thursday when Clive boarded the enchanted island with news from the world of Mary & Colefax! Never have I been so happy in my life. The day was like a perfect piece of cabinet making — beautifully fitted with beautiful compartments. It rained (I think) things must have happened in the same way & same order as today, but how differently! I could hardly keep my temper ordering dinner this morning — & so on. But I shall walk to Asheham & try to start the machine again. The odd thing is that neither you wishes for visitors. Of course they threaten us from all sides — Partridges, M. Hamilton, Americans, Lytton, Morgan, Tom, Sangers — no: leave me, leave me, is all I say: to work my brains.

~~Bow~~ Boen came to tea on Sunday — a cheap piece of crockery, for her nose reminds one of a tea pot spout: her mouth is like a slot in coarse china. She is changing: reading Bliss under Thanks' orders; wishes to live in London in order to work; not dance; & harried off to play tennis with him, I suppose. I surprised them on the river bank swimming the great Thesp dog "They got him from a shepherd here" says Boen, with a strange accent or tremor on they, as if 'they' were past, yet not dead; & so, under pretext of exercising the dog, the walking out which Mrs Wedman so strongly disapproves, goes on; leading according to Sydney, to a life of misery for Thanks, Boen getting her claws into him, clinging to him, drawing him under.

"Rot!" I said. Poor man. I look forward to his Collins.

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Tuesday
Cont

Slowly the cloud withdraws. Not that I can put pen to paper at this moment; but the waters which that great Grampus dislodged meet together again. I am once more washed by the tepid flood warm, embracing, fertilising, giving over thought. I am too feeble to even analyse the psychology, which I guess to be interesting. It is as if some foreign body had dispersed reality for the moment: the foreign body being gnome Gross material inimical to thought. And if I can only protect this for the present, I shall be able to write. So the question for me is, how far to withdraw from unsympathetic society in the future? Is this Cowardly, or merely good sense? For instance, here is Brett already inviting us into the heart of the Enemies camp - Hampstead Thursday Evening. If I go I shall be rasped all over, or at any rate dulled & blunted by the presence of Sullivan, Kot, & Sydney. If I don't go, shall I soften a lot in the too mild atmosphere of my own familiars? Perhaps the best plan would be to live in a neutral territory - neither friend nor foe, & by this means sink the fighting claim to egoism. Is there such a society possible though?

I have ordered the blue silk dress, ament now I see 10/- a week towards it. - Six weeks that is. But if I have the money here, I want it at the other end, do

I have imposed this task upon myself with some amusement.

The way to work oneself back into writing is this. First gentle exercise in the air. Second the reading of good literature. It is a mistake to think that literature can be produced from the raw. One must get out of life - yes, that why I disliked so much the irruption of Sydney - One must become externalised;

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very, very concentrated, all at one point, not having to draw upon the scattered parts genes character, living in the brain. Sydney comes & I'm Virginia; when I'm I write I'm merely a sensibility. Sometimes I like being Virginia, but only when I'm scattered & various & gregarious. Now, so long as we are here, I'd like to be only a sensibility. By the way, Thackeray is good reading, very vivacious, with 'touches', as they call them over the way at the Shenkes', of astonishing insight. I have so many letters to write: to Jacques (& he praised Monday or Tuesday highly: & I like to please Jacques; yet Jacques' praises never outweigh dull donkey Sydney dispraises) to Ka: to Carrington, to — I forget; & shan't bother, but shall now rock myself into literature by reading Ulysses!

Wed. Aug. 23rd

a headache: no writing; so I will copy.

Aug. 21 1922

My dear Virginia,

The atmosphere was extraordinarily propitious; such an effluence of beauty from the landscape & the air, with that healing touch that I've always found in those parts, but there was more than that. As the hours slipped by, so few & so fast, I felt more & more & deep satisfaction at having begun again with you, at having picked up broken pieces & being able to hold them together with some firmness. I hope it isn't imaginary; it seems quite solid, like something really won & earned, a real step forward in this horrific pilgrimage in which we're all engaged. I might so easily have come away feeling it had been merely a raking over of ashes; I was quite prepared for that; my mind was open. But on the contrary! I feel

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enriched & alive, delighted to think you are there & are you, & not even minding a bit if you think I'm a perfect ass.

Now for an excitement. I was just beginning to write this ~~letter~~ when the telephone rung. Bewildering noises, with shouts of 'I cant hear you' from me, a voice I seemed to know, & then I caught a name: 'Katherine!' 'Sydney, are you my enemy?' 'Good God, NO!' The's in Bretts' house at Hampstead. That's all I could make out. I'm going to see her on Wednesday. The plot thickens.

Ever yours
S.W.

Fri Aug 29th — I have no time to comment. Indeed, this a little stale, so I leave it to ~~be~~ amuse a fresh eye. I think, still ~~a bit~~ tentatively, that I have begun the story again — Bradsford writes to ask me to contribute stories &c. to his new header. The Times (weekly) says my novels are by some thought among the finest of our time. Yet, yet, I am not quite past the depression of hearing Sydney repeat what Murry said. Did I not mention a headache, though? Common sense informs me that, when the blood ebbs, any fly can rattle. One can't brush them off. Oddly, though, sun shine, in these conditions, hardly illumines.

Sat. 26th — Having done my morning's writing, at 11.20, & filled a whole page not so badly after all, I may as well let my brain finish its run on this more terrestrial rail. This a fine day — one of the dozen this summer. I dont think I have said enough about the splintered disorder of June, July & August. A broken china closet it makes me think of — so many smashes & tergiversations. But today is fine, & yesterday we went to Charleston by the Bus, for the first

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time. After all, one must respect civilisation. This thought came to me standing in a Brighton street the other day from which one sees the downs. Mankind was fuming & fretting & shouldering each other about; the down was smoothly sublime: But I thought this street frenzy is really the better of the two – the more courageous. One must put up a fight against passive turf, with an occasional snail, & a speck in the ground which it takes 2,000 years to produce. But I daresay this thought was forced upon me: I much prefer the downs myself. Charleston is as usual. One hears Clive shouting in the garden before one arrives. Nessa emerges from a great variegated quilt of asters & artichokes; not very cordial; a little absent minded. Clive bursts out of his shirt. Dr sits square in his chair & bubbles. Then Duncan drifts in, also vague, absent minded, & incredibly wrapped round with yellow waistcoats, spotted ties, & old blue stained painting jackets. His trousers have to be hitched up constantly. He ramples his hair. However, I can't help thinking that we grow in cordiality, instead of drifting out of sight. And why not stand on one's own legs, & refy them, even in the matter of hats & chaircovers? Surely at the age of forty... Nessa, who concentrates upon one subject, & one only, with a kind of passive ferocity which I find alarming, so took L. off primarily to discuss her attitude to Mary. Clive & I are much alike in our haphazard dealings with people. We do not concentrate; we are easily gulled & flattered; we expand & contract; we chatter & gossip: there is something much more fell, stable & determined in the characters of my sister & husband. Really, they can both determine a relationship & hold to it.

As for Duncan he requires, I think, peace for painting. He would like it all settled one way or the other. We saw a perfectly black rabbit, & a perfectly black cat, sitting in

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the road, with its tail laid out like a strap.
"What they call an example of melanism" said Clive — which amused me very much. & also made me like him. Why should this absurd trifle affect me, when far more serious things make no impression whatever? And could one ever imagine this in the case of another person? I dislike Ulysses more & more — that is think it more & more unimportant; & dont even trouble consecutively to make out its meanings. Thank God. I need not write about it.
Yes. Murry actually goes out of his way to drag in my name with moderate praise today. This must mean that he is coming to live in London; requires a dinner, anyhow people to get up & welcome him when he comes into a room.

Monday. Aug 28th

I am beginning Greek again, & must really make out some plan: today 28th: Mrs Dalloway finished on Sat. 2nd Sept: Sunday 3rd to Friday 8th ~~begs~~ start Chaucer.
Chaucer — that chapter, I mean, should be finished by Sept. 22nd And then? Shall I write the next chapter of Mrs Di — if she is to have a next chapter; & shall it be The Prime Minister? which will last till the week after we get back — say Oct. 12th. Then I must be ready to start my Greek chapter. So I have from today, 28th till 12th — which is just over 6 weeks — but I must allow for some interruptions. Now what have I to read? Some Homer: one Greek play; some Plato: Zimmern; Sheppard, as text book; ~~B~~ Bentley's Life: If done thoroughly, this will be enough. But which Greek play? & how much Homer, & what Plato? Then there's the anthology. All to end upon the Odyssey because of the Elizabethans. And I must read a little Ibsen to compare with Euripides — Racine with Sophocles — perhaps Marlowe with Aeschylus. Sounds very learned; but really might ~~amu~~ amuse me. & if it doesn't, no need to go on.

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Sunday Sept. 3rd

Perhaps the greatest revolution in my life is the change of nibs - no longer can I write legibly with my old blunt tree stump - people complained - But then the usual difficulties begin - what is to take its place? At the present moment I'm using Blackie against his nature, dipping him, that is to say. I should be reading the last immortal chapter of Ulysses: but I'm hot with Badmington in the Orchard; L. is stamping the distemper down on my head. & we dine in 35 minutes; & I must change, & the Tangers are coming in afterwards, &..&..&.. I'm fretful with people. Every day will now be occupied till Tuesday week. So this is my last chance so far as diary goes, I daresay.

Walking in the Church yard on Friday Evening I made this remark - Its a very odd thing considering how impressive these country churchyards are, & how common... when we saw Dora Tanger being escorted towards us by a stout country woman. On introduction we discovered this to be Daphne, aged 16: a nice, sleek headed, brown eyed girl; in a macintosh. Now I had pictured her aged or 10, still being given her bath by Charlie. We have met daily since; & as I say, they come round tonight, to sit up here & look at the view. Dora will look at the view. Charlie prefers spiritual scenery. And we never really shew signs of running out of talk. I have only to say, what was a Greek bedroom like in the age of Pericles, & Charlie puts it before me.

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Charlie, I was saying, puts it before one. And Daphne is very well informed, & how adorable the young are – like new brooms. I long to look over their shoulders, & see them sweeping clean. Indeed I must prefer them to the distinguished, wrathed soft in their reputations. Mic is at Bedales; goes to Newnham; then proposes to reform the world, by a moderate kind of revolution, so far as I understand her – for we only stood a second talking under the shadow of the tree outside the Rest, last night. She will write pamphlets, as a beginning. And the truth is that the world is reformed by Daphne Jangers pamphlets — no doubt about it. Other age I was for knowing all that was to be known, & for writing a book — a book — But what book? That vision came to me more clearly at Manorbier aged 21, walking there down on the edge of the sea. Never have I captured so to wedge nicely into my work as this summer — I cant endure the interruptions. Maynard has asked us to Oare, where he keeps house with Lydia, & I should like to go, but we shant. The new plan of rotating my crops is working well so far: I am always in a fizz & a stew, either to get my views on Chaucer clear, or on the Odyssey, or to sketch my next chapter. A polite letter from Harcourt Brace informs me that my MS. has not arrived – & they take great interest in my work. This comes of not registering the parcel – It's my fault, I'm glad to say. I am galloping on, article & I pen now, not very compactly; but the whole day has been dissipated, & now I must tidy the room.

Yes, on looking at the pages, I think the balance is all in favour of a steel nib. Blackie too smooth: the old blunderbuss too Elephantine. Look how neat this is.

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Tuesd Wednesday
Sept. 6th

Visitors leave one in tatters; yet with a relish for words. Phrases roll on my tongue – which, really, one can't pronounce for the delectation of my mother-in-law & Flora; who are now on their way back to Lewes: Carrington – Partridge being on their way to Chiddingley; the Sangers being on their way up Asheham Hill; & Lytton beginning to consider being on his way here.

We had our premeditated interview last night, with Ralph lying on the bed up here. Did his face show any change as Leonard went on – very forcible, measured, & impersonal. "Things have been unsatisfactory in my absence" & so on. Ralph put up no more defence than a flock of sheep, which is disarming. So this lives to find him privately so enthusiastic about the H.P. that he could not contemplate any other career. I think it shapes itself into his belonging our printer: we take on Whitall as partner; & so start again – for ever. He is ready to face for ever, if we are, & money difficulties can be arranged. It is clear that he must live in London – Carrington is going to cut his infidelities; which she does with her lips tight shut. She is going to paint. But she will never be a young woman again.

We had a great chatter party on Monday – Maynard Nessa, Duncan, the Sangers. But how could I repeat the talk? It was a success though, save for the dim grey weather. Maynard is going to build a house: M. & D. are going to draw an income for 10 years from it. This is to be a hotel, perfectly appointed, in a field off Beanstalk Lane – & suites of rooms, with & bathrooms, kitchens, water closets, servants

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a courtyard; in short a Peacock novel in stone; soon filled with the characters. No doubt we have re-arranged life almost completely. Our parents were mere triflers at the game - went to the grave with all the secret ~~drawers~~ springs unpressed. Maynard, besides being our greatest living Economist, has a dancer for mistress, & is now preparing to stage a Mozart ballet, with 13 nimble dancers: interviews the Coliseum Manager; is an Expert at Contracts: knows the points of dancers, & can tell you all about the ~~Ams~~ amours at the Imperial academy at Petersburg. Then Duncan is going to dance with Lydia. And Roger — but I need not go through the list; for my point is the same — we have all mastered the art of life, & very fascinating it is. Am I not about to manufacture coloured papers? My proofs come every other day, & I could depress myself adequately if I went into that. The thing now reads thin & pointless: the words scarcely dint the paper; & I expect to be told that I've written a graceful fantasy, without much bearing upon real life. Can one tell? Anyhow, nature obligingly supplies me with the illusion that I am about to write something good: something rich, & deep, & fluent & hard as nails, while bright as diamonds.

I finished Ulysses, & think it a mis-fire. Genius it has I think; but of the inferior water. The book is diffuse. It is brackish. It is pretentious. It is underbred, not only in the obvious sense, but in ~~its~~ the literary sense. A first rate writer, I mean, respects writing too much to ~~be~~ be tricky; startling; doing stunts. I'm ~~reminded~~ all the time of some callow

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board school boy, say like Henry Lamb, full of wits & powers, but so self-conscious & egotistical that he ~~can't say~~ loses his head, becomes extravagant, mannered, upsourcious, ill at ease, makes kindly people feel sorry for him, & stern ones merely annoyed; & one hopes he'll grow out of it; but as Joyce is 40 this scarcely seems likely. I have not read it carefully; & only once; & it is very obscure; so no doubt I have ~~t~~ scamped the virtue of it more than is fair. I feel that myriads ~~of tiny~~ tiny bullets pepper one & spatter one; but one does not get a one deadly wound straight in the face — as from Tolstoy, for instance; but it is entirely absurd to compose him with Tolstoy.

Thursday Sept. 7th — Having written this, L. put into my hands a very intelligent review of Ulysses, in the American Nation; which, for the first time, analyses the meaning; & certainly makes it very much more impressive than I judged. ~~It~~ Still I think there is virtue & some lasting truth in first impressions; so I don't cancel mine. I must read some of the chapters again. Probably the final beauty of writing is never felt by contemporaries; but they ought, I think, to be bowled over; & this I was not. Then again, I had my back up on purpose; then again I was over stimulated by Toms praises.

We are having 3 fine days, & may even have 4 or 5. The garden is at its finest: the big bed spread with brilliant flowers, their petals almost touching. Henry Wedman has weeded the paths. At 7.30 on a fine night they have a phosphorescent look, gleaming out. But it gets too cold for night wandering, & alas, I rather regret sharing my fire, & relinquishing my arm chair to night, for the Sangers are coming. The three of them talk in: Dora at least stamps. And though I like youth in the beginning, poor Daphne is a bit of a lump, & they fuss over her unnecessarily & she shakes us all off, puzzled, exasperated, but not very good company, poor wretch.

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Fri. 9th Sept.

When Mrs Woolf was here, she said she had been asked several times at Philips wedding the meaning of the word honeymoon — Mr. Sturgeon has now supplied it. What things people say at weddings! She said, Again I'm a wanderer on the earth. If I could find someone to go with me, I'd buy a Caravan. Now having had 10 children I am to live in 2 rooms in South Kensington. ~~Lottie said~~ Leonard cant drink milk with the skin on. none of his family can. "I could see it in Mrs Woolf's eyes" said Lottie — a wonderful piece of psychology. Flora told me that they eat Junguses in Sweden; which grow there in great quantities. They eat all except the red Junguses. She found a green one & threw it away. It was one of the best. Mrs W. said that Sweden is a great knife & fork country. They think too much about eating she said. Each of these sayings seemed to me very significant at the time; though I daresay I shant be able to see why. The Sangers came last night. Charlie's views on literature are oddly cut & dry to me. He discoursed upon languages, Latin & German: I know not why it is that people who aren't writers always give one a dry bone in one's hand, however much they may know. He has a very low opinion of Proust, but thinks that you cant write a psychological novel in French. From French he hops to Latin, to German, to Russian: but the perches are dry.

Tuesday Sept: 12th

Lytton drove off an hour ago; & I have been sitting here, unable to read or collect myself — such is the wreckage dealt by 4 days of conversation. We had the Sangers once, & thanks last night, so we lashed our tongues lavishly. A better wind blew splinters of sunshine. On Sunday it poured — as it has now once more started to do.

I told Lytton I should try to write down his talk — which sprang from a conversation about Boswell. But

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said Lytton, I do never do talk. But you are witty, so they say, I replied. Lytton had of course read Mrs Herald. And then we talked about Gibbon, whose method of dealing with the approach of the barbarian is quite magnificent. One might be gave us a complete account of the prison system, based on reports which he has been reading — thoroughly, with mastery, & a kind of political ability which impresses me. He would have been an admirable ruler of an Indian province. However, as usual, there was one main theme to which we returned — Ralph Carrington. There are two questions to be settled — R. & V.D. (who is settled in London) & R. & his livelihood. Both weigh upon poor old Lytton who feels himself in the position of a father, is slightly in love, yet sees, with his usual candour, all the faults & drawbacks. Ralph, too, lays the responsibility much on him — for the Hogarth Press that is — & he refuses to discuss his love affairs, & Lytton sees, apprehensive & cautious as he is, how easily one might take the wrong line, & break off all communications. And so we discussed possible plans — that they should buy Suffield; that we should move into 38 Brunswick Square: that R. should be set up in a farm; that they should live in Monk's House, so that Lytton might write indecently. Perhaps Lytton was depressed. But we said scarcely anything of 'our writing'. Not a compliment passed. I daresay this is a healthier atmosphere than the other — it is not quite so pleasant.

Then Thanks came in last night — a neat nosed putty faced shapeless little man — entirely lacking in temperament, according to Lytton — who was very silent. We chattered reviewers shop; & cared not. He tells me that the Lit. Sup. loves those rats.

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is not paying any of its contributors. Jack Squire, he said, is becoming stiff with morality. "That's a pretty girl," says some one in the street, whereupon Jack blushes scarlet. Indeed. Thanks says that he left the London M. because Squire refused to review Ulysses (uh. I have lent Shanks) No doubt Mrs Shanks & Mrs Hawkesford somehow came in. But I gathered that Thanks does not take Squire quite so seriously as we had thought. However, I doubt that we shall get much further with a man with a toneless mind. He said he would give me malberries. Nobody could tell me what he thought of his evening.

Tuesday Sept. 26th

A great many things have happened, unrecorded. This has been the most tolerable summer we've ever had. Sometimes I feel as if, instead of sleeping through the months in a dark room, I'd been up in the light all night. Clive & Mary came; Mary in grey silk stockings; couldn't jump a ditch; was very affable; said she liked long walks; sat on the floor; praised Clive; & half invited me to Wittering. Morgan came on Friday; Tom on Saturday. My talk with Tom deserves watering down, but won't get it for the light is fading; & we cannot write talk down either. As was agreed at Charleston the other day. There was a good deal of talk about Ulysses. Tom said "It is a purely literary writer. It is founded upon Walter Pater with a dash of New man. I said he was virile-a he-goat; but didn't expect Tom to agree. Tom did tho'; & said he left out many things that were important. The book would be a landmark, because it destroyed the whole of the 19th Century. It left Joyce himself with nothing to write another book on. He showed up the futility of all the English styles. It thought some of the writing beautiful. But there was

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no 'great conclusion': that was not Joyce's intention. He thought
that Joyce ~~fulfilled~~ accomplished completely what he meant to do.
But he did not think that he gave a new insight into
human nature — said nothing new like Tolstoi.
Bloom bored one nothing. Indeed, he said, this new
method of giving the psychology proves to my mind
that it doesn't work. It doesn't tell as much
as some casual glance from outside often tells.
I said I had found Pendennis more illuminating
in this way. (The horses are now creeping near my
window; the little owl calling, & so I write nonsense)
So we got on to S. Sitwell who merely explores his
sensibility — one of the deadly crimes as Tom thinks:
to Wordsworthy — the vice of English literature, we
agreed; Synge a fake; present state disastrous,
because the form don't fit; to his mind not even
promising well; he said that one must now be a
very first rate poet to be a poet at all:
when there were great poets, the little me's caught some
of the glow, & were not worthless. Now there's no
great poet. When was the last? I asked; & he
said none that interested him since the time of
Johnson. Browning he said was lazy: they are
all lazy he said. And Macaulay spoilt English
prose. We agreed that people are now afraid of the
English language. He said it came of being bookish,
but not reading books enough. One should read all
styles thoroughly. He thought DH Lawrence came
off occasionally, especially in Aaron's Rod,
the last book: had great moments: but was a
most incompetent writer. He could deny
right to his convictions though. (Night now fairly
T. 10. after a bad
rainy day)

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Wednesday
Sept. 27th

An epoch making conversation is now going on within earshot. I think the Wedmans may be going, & Wedman saying so to L, But to return. While Tom & I talked in the drawing room, Morgan wrote an article up here; or plotted through; humble, deprecatory, Chubby like a child; but very observant. His Toms head is all breadth & bone compared with Morgans. He still remains something of the Schoolmaster, but I am not sure that he does not paint his lips. After boys, however, we came to tickler matters - the Eliot fund; the upshot yet was (& we were elliptical, tactful, nervous) that Tom won't have the Bank under £500, & must have securities - not pledges. So next morning, when Olt's letter & Circular arrived, aiming at £300, on a 5 year basis of pledges, I had to wire to her to stop, & then to draft a long letter giving my reasons; & another to Tom, asking him to confirm my information. I shall be scalded in two separate baths of hot water no doubt. But this can wait. For the rest the week end was chilly & stormy. We had one blow on the hills. Tom left before dinner. Then we snuggled in, & Morgan became very familiar; anecdotic; simple; gossiping about friends & humming his little tunes; Tom asked him to contribute to the Criterion. I was impressed by his complete masterly (founded perhaps on considerable self assurance) Complimenti scarcely touch him. He is happy in his novel, but does not want to discuss it. There is something too simple about him. - for a

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water perhaps, mystic; Selly, but with a child's insight: oh yes, & something manly & definite too. He had been staying with Hardy, who is given up to vanities & attends punctilliously to reviewers. He complained of the Spectator; which was hostile he said, because he knew Lytton; & the cousins had quarrelled. Then to his pets burial ground; & some story about cats killed on the railway line. Poor old Hardy is perfectly ordinary, nice, conventional, never says a clever thing; says commonplaces about his books; has tea at the Rectory; is very healthy; objects to American visitors; & never mentions literature. How am I to dress this for the Obituary?

Wed. ~~Tues~~: Oct. 4th Our last whole day. From the weather point of view, the summer has been altogether disappointing. It has promised & then withheld. We have not had 7 consecutive good days. There has been a scattering of good ones, but in the midst of rain, wind, & dark London looking skies. Often the Roman road was so muddy I could not walk along it. And often I heard the thunder murmuring as I walked. Grizzel was frightened & ran home — as if God would go out of his way to hurt a mongrel foxterrier walking on the flats at Rodmell! But there's no arguing about these things. I think the garden has never been better, & we have had good crops of apples & pears, & green peas only 2 days ago.

Spiritually speaking we have made some progress in Rodmell society. I was struck by the bloodlessness of philistines the other day at the Rectory. They seem far less alive than we intellectuals. Mr Thanks & the Hoggs are, after all, so pale; so watery, so mild. Mrs Hankerford still discusses the country & London; says, for the 20th time, that she is so glad she kept the tennis court going,

Even though they turned the pony on it during the war. Boen sits lackadaisical, & helps me to Thanks' cigarettes. Then I don't like underbred young men — Hogg to wit. They seem to me a little peevish & conventional; & ~~we~~ talk slang which covers any character they may have.

I am a little uppish, though, & rely assertive, because Brace wrote to me yesterday "We think Jacob's Room an extraordinarily distinguished & beautiful work. You have, of course, your own method, & it is not easy to foretell how many readers ~~there will be~~ it will have; surely ~~some~~ it will have enthusiastic ones, & we delight in publishing it" — or words to that effect. As this is my first testimony from an impartial person I am pleased. For one thing it must make some impression as a whole: & cannot be wholly frigid foreworks. We think of publishing on Oct. 27th. I doresay Duckworth is a little cross with me. I snuff my freedom. It is I think true, soberly & not artificially for the public, that I shall go on unconcernedly whatever people say. At last, I like reading my own writing. It seems to me to fit me closer than it did before. I have done my task here better than I expected. Mrs. Dalloway & the Chaucer Chapter are finished: I have read 5 books of the Odyssey, Ulysses; & now begin Proust. I also read Chaucer & the Pastons. So evidently my plan of the two books running side by side is ~~pracet~~ practicable, & certainly I enjoy my reading with a purpose. I am committed to only one Supt. article — in Essay — & that at my own time; so I am free. I shall read Greek now steadily, & begin 'The Prime Minister' on Friday morning. I shall read the Trilogy & some Sophocles & Euripides & a Plato dialogue: also the lives of Bentley & Jebb. At forty I am beginning to learn the mechanism ~~[illegible]~~ brain — how to get the greatest amount of pleasure & work out of it. The secret is I think always so to contrive that work is pleasant.

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Sat. 8th Oct.

Back again, over the fire at Hogarth House, having read the first chapters of Bentley. Guzzel sits on L's knee. Boxall – the killer, called after Nelly to infatuate her, is happily off mine; temporarily, or I could not write.

But the day has been spoilt for me – so strangely – by Kitty Maxze's death: & now I think of her lying in her grave at Gunby, & Leo going home, & all the rest. I read it in the paper. I hadn't seen her since, I guess, 1908. – save at old Davies' funeral, & then I cut her: which now troubles me – unreasonably I suppose. I could not have kept up with her: she never tried to see me. Yet – yet – these old friends dying without any notice on our part always – it begins to happen often – saddens me: makes me feel guilty I wish I'd met her in the street. My mind has gone back all day to her: in the queer way it does. First thinking out how she died, suddenly at 33 Cromwell Road: she was always afraid of operations. Then visualising her – her white hair – pink cheeks – how she sat upright – her voice – with its characteristic tones – her green-blue floor – which she painted with her own hands: her earrings: her gaiety: yet melancholy: her smartness: her tears, which stayed on her cheek; ~~her~~ Not that I ever felt at my ease with her. But she was very charming – very humorous. She got engaged at St Ives, & I hoby thought it was Paddy talking to his boy. They sat on the seat by the greenhouse in the Love Corner. However, I keep going over this very day in my mind.

Sat. Oct 14th

I was interrupted in this, & now Kitty is buried & mourned by half the grandees in London; & here I am thinking of my book. Kitty fell, very mysteriously, over some bannisters. Shall I ever walk again? she said to Leo. And to the Dr. "I shall never forgive myself for my carelessness." How did it happen? Some one presumably knows, & in time I shall hear. Nessa regrets her, but says that the breach came through

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Kelty. "It seems rather melancholy that it should come to an end like this" Nessa said; but she was putting Angelica to bed, & we could not dig in other part. I have seen Nessa, Maynard, Lydia, Desmond Saxon, Lytton, Frankie Birrell & Marjorie Fry, all within this week; & had two letters, from Lytton & Carrington; about Jacob's Room, & written I don't know how many envelopes; & here we are on the verge of publication. I must set for my portrait to John & London's on Monday. Richmond wrote to ask that date of publication may be put ahead, so that they may notice it on Thursday. My sensations? — they remain calm. Yet how could Lytton have praised me more highly? prophecies immortality for it as boating is afraid of my romance: but the beauty of the writing &c. Lytton praises me too highly for it to give me a purified pleasure; or perhaps that nerve grows dulled. I want to be through the splash & swimming in calm water again. I want to be writing unobserved. Mrs. Dalloway has branched into a book; & I adumbrate here a study of insanity & suicide: the ~~real~~ world seen ~~is two different~~ by the sane & the insane side by side — something like that. Septimus Smith? — is that a good name? — & to be more close to the fact than Jacob: but I think Jacob was a necessary prep, for me, in working free. And now I must use this benignant page for ~~working~~ making out a scheme of work.

I must get on with my reading for the Greek chapter. Must finish the Prime Minister in another week — say 21st. Then I must be ready to start my Essay article for the Times: say on the 23rd. That will take say till 2nd Nov. Therefore I must now concentrate on Essays: with some Aeschylus. & I think begin Zimmern, making

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rather a hasty end of Bentley, who is not really much to my purpose. I think that clears the matter up – though how to read Aeschylus, I don't quite know: quickly, is my desire, but that, I see, is an illusion.

Our great interview with Lytton as to Ralph came off on Thursday. Lytton was extremely adroit, & made presents which Ralph promptly gave away. For Ralph will stay on any terms. Lytton proposes that we should give him complete business control; but this is coupled with his decision on no account to increase his hours of work. I'm rather in the mood to say that I won't give reviews books to a manager who won't give up his chicken breeding to look after them. And then how far could L. stand a watch Rachel howler? And lunch & tea with Ralph for ever? And Whitall? This accumulates. We are to go to Tidmarsh after the rush is over & excogitate. After my views about the success of Jacob, what are they? I think we shall sell 500: it will then go on slowly, & reach ~~1000~~ 800 by June. It will be highly praised in some places for 'beauty'; will be crabbed by people who want human character. The only review I am anxious about is the one in the Sept: not that it will be the most intelligent, but it will be the most read. I can't bear people to see me drowned in public. The W. Q. will be hostile: so, very likely, the Nation. But I am perfectly serious in saying that nothing budges me from my determination to go on, & or alters my pleasure, so whatever happens, though the surface may be agitated, the centre is secure.

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Tuesday, Oct: 17th

As this is ~~an~~ to be a chart of my progress I enter ~~have~~ hastily here, one, a letter from Desmond who is halfway through: says "you have never written so well... I marvel & am puzzled" — or words to that effect.

(2) Bunny rings up enthusiastic: says it is superb, far my best has great vitality & importance: also he takes 36 copies, & says people already 'clamour'. This is not confirmed by the bookshops, visited by Ralph. There sold under 50 today: but the librarians remain. & Simpkin Marshall.

Sunday 29th Oct

Miss Mary Butts being gone, & my head too stupid for reading; I may as well write here, for my amusement later perhaps. I mean I'm too riddled with talk & harassed with the usual worry of people who like & people who don't like J.R. to concentrate. There was the Times review on Thursday — long, a little tepid, I think: saying that one can't make characters in this way; flattering enough. Of course, I had a letter from ~~Mayne~~ Morgan in the opposite sense — the letter I've liked best of all. We have sold 650, I think; & have ordered a second edition. My sensations? — as usual — mixed. I shall never write a book that is an entire success. This time the reviews are against me, & the private people enthusiastic. Either I am a great writer or a mincompoop. "An elderly sensualist" the Daily News calls me. Pall Mall passes me over as negligible. I expect to be neglected & sneered at. And what will be the fate of your second thousand then? So far of course, the success is much more than we expected. I think I am better pleased so far than I have ever been. Morgan, Lyllen, Bunny, Violet, Logan, Philip, have all written enthusiastically. But I want to be just yet this. It hangs about me like Mary Butts' scent. I don't

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want to be totting up compliments, & comparing reviews. I want to think out Mrs Dalloway. I want to foresee this book better than the others, & ~~do it~~ get the utmost out of it. I expect I could have screwed Jacob up tighter if I had foreseen; but I had to make my path as I went. One of the perquisites of Jacob seems to be society. I am going to Ly Colefax on Tuesday to hear Valery lecture: also to Miss Sands. They are all now (momentarily, through Logan I daresay) on my side. ~~However I can always~~ And at the moment I feel inclined for a plunge, though it must be on my own terms: in my own clothes, & at my own hours. I can't go in to Whitalls visit at length. But our position becomes more & more complicated. Clearly we cannot go on publishing seriously with Ralph attached to us like a drone. Whitall is a greyhound looking nervous American, as serious, matter of fact, forced to make money. How far do we want to make money with him? At any rate the labour & worry of getting out a long book makes me decided not to do it again on the present system. We have to go to Tedmarsh next week to explain the position. Carrington says that Lytton is most anxious for some arrangement, & the uncertainty is trying Ralph's nerves. Get this nervous man makes no attempt to do the most ordinary things for us. L. has to tie parcels every morning. Ralph catches no earlier or later trains. Thursday morning he spent at the tailor's. But there is the American element in Whitall to be distributed — in short it bothers us & the election is beginning to roar in the newspapers. L. has a chance of getting in. We have bitten off a large piece of life — but why not? — Did I not make out a philosophy some time ago which comes to this — that one must always be on the move?

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Tuesday
Nov: 7th

I am, probably, through the splash, & must really try to settle in again. It has not been, publicly, much of a splash. The reviews have said more against me than for me — on the whole. Its so odd how little I mind — & odd how little I care much that Clive thinks it a masterpiece. Yet the private praise has been the most whole hearted I've yet had. They seem to agree that I have accomplished what in the other books I only got near accomplishing. But we scarcely sell, though it has been out 10 days. Nor do I much mind that. What do I mind then? I want to Grapple with the 10th of June, or whatever I call its Meanwhile, to keep me unsettled I get invited out. We went to Logan's last week, & there met Percy Lubbock after 12 years. I sat next him at the Smiths the night Lytton proposed to me. I remember I saw of red azalea fountain in the middle of the dinner table; but not much else. Lady Grove was tale; Percy pale. Percy is still pale, but mild & elderly. I was reassured by his shabby boots. He is a slow kind melancholy man; I run round him, & plant darts in his flanks, & we are to ask him to dinner. Then there was Mr. Hammersley remembering my father & the Duckworths & I'm to go to her; & to Ethel Sands; & to the Oriental Club to lunch with Lytton. We had a storing week end at Tidmarsh, & I'm afraid I have concluded that Ralph must go. His jealousy, & irrationality, combined with his fixed determination to make a permanent hobby out of what's a profession to us, make the position less & less possible. Yet I am sorry, & like him, & the association. On the other hand what fun to spring off & make a good job of it! Suppose one could get a young man or woman of wits who would work violently & rashly. Last night I tined for the first time with Clive in his Evrum. Now I must make up my work account,

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for I have no time to say how strange that dinner was with Nena & Clive again as we used to be so often: now a little formal superficially, & yet, miraculously, still intimate beneath: all 40 & over; all prosperous; & my book (that I felt somehow pleasing) acclaimed by Nena "certainly a work of genius". Lytton came in later, which made it yet stranger; & there was Sat. with H. Brace's catalogue talking you all by ~~my~~ name as the most brilliant group in Gordon Square! Fame, fun &c.

I shall polish off my Essay article tomorrow, Wed. 8th then I think I shall try to sketch out Mrs. D: & consult L: & write the aeroplane chapter now, for I must write out of my head again. A fortnight's criticism is my stint. So if that takes a week, or 10 days, & bring me to 18th Nov: I must be ready to start the Greek Chapter say on the 20th; only I have not read half or a 20th part, owing to interruptions. So I incline to working that chapter in bits. First introduction, Bentley: then ~~for~~ Odyssey: then on to Aeschylus, reading graciously the whole. It is terribly easy to let the reading slip; so I must make an effort to get 2 hours either before dinner or after, & must now write to Will A.F. & refuse to go there, since I am out daily till Saturday. But oh the question of Ralph! & now I have a pressing appeal from Cannyla.

Monday Nov. 13th

And I lost my temper with Ralph, over Constable's offer. For things are moving briskly this autumn, & Logan took me aside at Ethel Sands (same setting, same company, same sayings, doings & feeling) in order to negotiate an arrangement between us & Constable, who has a room to let, & wants us to combine. Ralph is jealous as a sore bear; obstructs every proposal with trumped up arguments, designed to prevent his

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his own skin, & not English literature, as he rashly makes out, & thus requires correction at my hands. We have not advertised this week owing to Election, & sell slowly. Reviews are now favourable & utterly contradictory, as usual. I am quite able to write away without bother from self-consciousness, now: which shows that my splash is over. On the whole, I am perfectly satisfied, though: more so, I think, than ever before. And now I have a multitude of pleasant jobs on hand, & am really very busy, & very happy, & only want to say Time, stand still here: which is not a thing that many women in Richmond could say I think. Nena & I are collaborating over a paper for covers which she has designed, & I am to colour. We went to the Beggars Opera the other night. L. being at Liverpool. That is the only move he is to make. But his address seems to give satisfaction, & I doubt not he could get in if he chose — next time if not this. America wishes him to write a monthly article — New York Times thus is: which increases our income, & proves him at the tree top. People write little articles about him, saying he is selfless in his work for the public, & the most brilliant your writers, & leaders of the younger school. I like this, & forgive Massingham his abuse of me from this time forwards. L: is now writing his weekly article, on Turkey, having been up to see Massingham, found a pea roup in London. I walked in the Park, bought 2 wild duck & 6 snipe, all fresh & bleeding, just shot at Beaconsfield by 2 poachers I respect. I paid 8/6. & thus introducing a good deal of stir in Hogarth House kitchen. And now I must try to make out what Aeschylus wrote.

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Monday
Nov 27th

I need not say that my weld duck stank like old sea weed & had to be buried. But I cannot dally over this incident, which in tamer days might have provided some fun, because I have such a congeries of affairs to relate & have to steal time from the Agamemnon. There is the press to be chronicled. We had to meet Whitall at the Club, to discuss the Heinemann offer; & waiting there, we overheard one of those usual shabby, loose, crop headed, small faced bright eyed young woman, who was leaning negligently over the sofa side, & chatting with Scott as he drank tea, tell him that she was tired of teaching & meant to become a printer. "They say there's never been a woman printer; but I mean to be one. No I know nothing whatever about it... & ee." When she went into the washing room, I followed, plucked her out, & revealed us to her as proprietors of the Hogarth Press. Yesterday & she & "a friend" came to tea. This friend we called mistakenly Jones; he being Joad, of the 1917 Club; a philosopher; a study short man, with very bright round eyes, hair touched with grey, cock sure, reposing much weight upon the sterling quality of his intellect, & thus dispensing with the graces & amenities, as usual with sterling young men. He tipped one of my chairs on two legs, & ate a large tea, keeping close watch over Marjorie's interests at every point. For it was evident that she was ready to bind herself hand & foot to us, & make fantastic promises. Still, she has been thoroughly educated, must can her living, & has written, Joad says, a first rate novel. Well its not quite written, she said: being genuine, far more modest & less self confident & more agreeable than Cyril. "We are going to be married in February," she said, when we came up here from the Scullery. And ~~the~~ I mean to go on working after I'm married. She new teaches at a girls school in Gordon Square. And what does it all amount to? I should say she is 25 or 6: quick, impulsive, but with a steel thread in her from earning & learning, which is

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an invaluable property, & one that gives an edge to the rest. In short she might take us on & make a lifework of it. Since heaven dropped the seed into her naturally, she will want no urging, & will cleave to it as to her own flesh & bone, I can see. Joad, who detests my books & adores the work of Beresford & sticks his little horns manfully into facts, may be an obstacle; since he may try to impose his literary views upon us; & I imagine him one of the steely intellectuals who treat literature as though it were an ingenious picture puzzle, to be fitted accurately together. But I don't know. Moreover, we both liked him, & her too (but she was less self assertive, passed the cake, praised the dog, & sensitively appraised the situation with antennae quivering, woman like) We all kept our heads very creditably, insisted upon strict business dealings, & are to meet again on ~~Fri~~ Sunday week. But where then does Ralph come in? He looks a little glum, & says very little. I fancy our teas & lunches are a little strained. Tomorrow we interview Heinemann at his office, but I don't think much will come from that. Jacob has now sold 850 copies, & the second edition won't come much before it is needed I hope. People - my friends I mean - seem agreed that it is my masterpiece. & the starting point for fresh adventures. Last night we dined with Roger & I was praised ~~whole~~ whole-heartedly by him, for the first time; only he wishes that a bronze body might somehow solidify beneath the gleams & lights - with which I agree. He has been cured, so he says, by Coué; but seemed old to me. The approaching marriage of Pam, which drains upon his paternal feelings generally not shown, depresses him, & puts the stress on a side of him which is private & difficult, ~~but~~ for, as he has always kept clear of fatherly responsibilities, he is now shy of them; cant deny his feelings for her; but cannot exercise his rights - to forbid the marriage. Oh how cold it was coming home in the train!

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Sunday
3rd Dec

I should be at Aeschylus, for I am making a complete edition, text, translation, notes of my own — mostly copied from Verrall; but carefully gone into by me. But these are historic days. The Hogarth Press is in travail. Heinemanns made us a most flattering offer — to the effect that we should give us our brains & blood, & they would see to sales & ledgers. But we sniff patronage. If they gain, we lose. Our name has to be coupled with theirs. In the opinions of Desmond, Clive, Roger & I think Vanessa, the exchange would be capitulation. We are both very willing to come to this conclusion, & have decided for freedom & a fight with great private glee. This brought on an argument with Ralph last Friday. We must have a whole timer in January, or close down partially. After some demur, he brought forth a plan obviously concocted at Tidmarsh, by which we are to become a company, with Noel C. for London manager, Lytton, L. & I for partners, with Ralph remaining as he is. Lytton is said to hint to a possibility that we should have all his work. At first tempting, this plan becomes to us less & less feasible; considering that we should have to keep N. C. in work, be ready to tackle an enormous commercial success, & fall more & more, so we suspect, into readers & advisers to the firm of Partridge & Carrington who would become by force of circumstances, commercial mainly with only a dab of Hogarth gold left on top. At this moment we incline to Miss Tomson & freedom. Let P. & Carrington start their own press, & go ahead for ourselves, gradually branching as opportunity occurs. One is much attracted by the idea of a keen worker; & to tell the truth, Noel did not give either of us the desire to strive for him. Why, after all, should we conciliate Ralph? And is it not better to

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end this perpetual strain of friendship's burden-hurting Lytton's feelings that is, by facing to consider how fast poor R's heart beats after a conversation with us?
Such, in short, are the reasons which come to the front; & we have to refuse to talk Hogarth matters, for the discussion is endless. Tomorrow, Ralph is going to lay before us a definite proposal on the part of Lytton.

But there is serious reason, & not more restlessness, in our ~~dat~~ need for reorganisation. We are both giving all our spare time, & still there is far more work than we can do. Jacob has sold, I think 850; with review-copies 950; there is an ominous slackening of Simkin's orders this last week, which shows, perhaps, that the rush is over. But we shall broach our second edition, & shall not lose, even if we sell no more, more than £10; so I am satisfied. But the books press. There are now Miss Nobhouse's diary, & Stephen Reynolds' letters to be read & considered, & at this rate, we have work for not 3 people but 4 or 5 or 6.
This autumn has been perhaps the busiest going dilatory life. People & books — I sing that to the tune of Women & Wine, which comes in the Beggars Opera. I dined with Mary on Friday, met Clive & Aldous: Aldous very long, rather puffy, fat faced, white, with very thick hair, & canary coloured socks, is the raconteur: the young man of letters who sees life. We all said we despised reviewers & told little stories to our own advantage. Both the gentlemen had been complimented by Max — but not the lady. At first one thinks the

Friday 15th

I forget what I was to say, & only write this now as I have 15 minutes before my solitary dinner. L. dining with Sangers, ~~bof~~ after a terrific Hogarth Press discussion ending in the genial parting with Ralph. It was a question of the terms upon which

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the Tidmarsh Press (he was to run one in conjunction with us) was to have. He stood out for one third. Finally we agreed; but the discussion raised our backs, & so — (Nell said that orange was bad — everything goes through — Lottie conversation is running at while I write)
I am too muggy headed to make out anything. This is partly the result of dining to meet the lovely gifted aristocratic Sackville West last night at Ulves. Not much to my severer taste — florid moustached, parakeet coloured, with all the supple ease of the aristocracy but not the wit of the artist. She writes 15 pages a day — has finished another book — publishes with Heinemanns — knows every one — But could I ever know her? I am to dine there on Tuesday
Waiting for L, I will continue. Half past ten just struck on one of these fine December nights, which come after sunny days, & I don't know why. Keep sending through me such shocks from my childhood — Am I growing old & sentimental? I keep thinking of sounds I heard as a child — at St Ives mostly.
The aristocratic manner is something like the actresses — no false shyness or modesty: a head dropped into her plate at dinner — given to Ulve — asks for liqueur — has her hand on all the roses — makes me feel virgin, shy, & schoolgirlish — Yet after dinner I rapped out opinions. She is a grenadier: hard; handsome, manly: inclined to double chin — Dear old Desmond rushed like a tipsy owl in his corner, affectionate & glad to talk to me. I think — He said something about the French admiring Jacob, & wishing to translate it. I go on getting letters, & reap more praise than ever before. Sales sluggish though. Not yet 1000. But I don't mind. As for Ralph — that question certainly cant be settled before L. comes in. Why did he make me, & L., so furious by saying, in his sulky schoolboy voice, that if this crisis hadn't happened, he would have had a nice surprise to offer us at Easter? — something

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of Lytton's presumably? I think the kernel of our discontent lies in that sentence — the bully, the swagger, the bribe offered us by Lytton, through this gawkish ~~to~~ boor, & his simple rustic faith that writing by Lytton must solve all difficulties instead of which it complicates things.

So far as I can see, Ralph's disappearance would have us more freedom, but give us more work. We should have to make further arrangements. But the basis would be sound, which is the great thing. If we keep Ralph, there will be constant disease. He hinted that he wished to be able to break. Again, the question of borrowing money from Lytton always recurs: & the obvious ~~effort that~~ pressure they make to consolidate their position. This would be perfect if Ralph were not Ralph. I see him rigid & ossified in middle age; repeating more & more accurately his lesson learnt ~~to~~ from Lytton. And though I would give a good deal to combine with Lytton in producing literature, there is little to be got from him save his own works. I mean, I think by our own merits now we attract all the young.

3rd Jan 1923 — If I were a dissembler I should date this the last day of 1922. So it is to all intents. We came back from Rodmell yesterday, & I am in one gray moods, as the nurses used to call it today. And what is it & why? A desire for children, I suppose: for Nessa's life: for the sense of flowers breaking all round me involuntarily. Heres Angelica — heres Quentin & Julian. New children dont make yourself ill on plum pudding tonight. We have people dining. Theres no hot water. The gas is escaping in Quentin's bedroom — I pluck what I call flowers at random. They make my life seem a little bare sometimes: & then my inveterate romanticism suggests an image of forging ahead, alone, through the night: of suffering inwardly, stoically; of playing my way through to the end — & so forth. The truth is that the sails flap about one for a day or two on coming back; & not being at full stretch

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I ponder a loiter. And this all temporary: yet let me be quite clear about that. Let me have one confessional where I need not boast. Years & years ago, after the Lytton affair, I said to myself, walking up the hill at Beireuth, never pretend that the things you haven't got are not worth having; good advice I think. At least it often comes back to me. Never pretend that children, for instance, can be replaced by other things. And then I went on (the thought is always connected with Mrs Freshfield – why?) to say to myself that one must ~~put all one's weight upon~~ (how am I to convey it?) like things for themselves: or rather, rid them of their ~~personal~~ bearing upon one's personal life. One must throw that aside; & venture on to the things that exist independently of oneself. Now this is very hard for young women to do. Yet I got satisfaction from it. And now, married to L: I never have to make the effort. I do it, if I enjoy doing it. Perhaps I have been too happy for my souls good? perhaps I have become cowardly & self-indulgent? And does some of my discontent come from feeling that? I could not stay at 46 last night, because L. on the telephone expressed displeasure. Late again. Very foolish. Your heart bad – & so my self reliance being ruffled, I had no courage to venture against his will. Then I react. Of course its a difficult question. For undoubtedly I get headaches or the jump in my heart; & then this spoils his pleasure, & if one lives with a person, has one the right – So it goes on. And I will try to make up my accounts on the spiritual side before attacking the temporals, only, as usual, jockily, disconnectedly, & without more than the rout of tap a chemist might give to the jars in his shop, naming them, ~~below~~ shortly, because he knows what is in them. At fifty, when I re-read, perhaps I shall know what I meant.

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Middle ~~Age~~ Age, then. Let that be the text going forward. I'm afraid we're becoming elderly. We are busy & attach importance to hours. I have my correspondence to finish, reps & to buy. I don't laugh. I take it seriously. But one must not let one's hobbies & pleasures become false objects & fetish worship. L. I think, suffers from his extreme clarity. He sees that things so clear that he can't even float a speculate. And now we have such a train attached to us that we have to go on. It is easy at least to pretend that pressure is upon us. Nessa, though, who might so easily plead this & circumstances, rides much more freely than we do. She will spend Easter travelling with the children, for instance. We have to make money – that is true. We have to have a house; 2 horses; 2 servants; a press; a Tom Son; a Ralph. Yet most of this is for my sake; & am I honest in wishing it otherwise? Don't I feel (mainly) that I must have all peaceful the straining circumstances in order to write? – that interruptions ~~the~~ bore me: put green matter in my fire?

I will leave it here, unfinished, a note of interrogation – signifying some form of mood that clears, but is not often expressed. One's life is made up, superficially, of such moods, but must cross a solid substance, which too I am not going to hack my way into now.

& this is the end of 1922.

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Wednesday May 18th 1921. Richmond.

MAY

Coverage in Politics. Coventry Patmore.

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Courage in Politics & other Essays
by Coventry Patmore. 1885-1896.
Humphrey Milford. 7/6 net.

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These books of essays are always the hardest to read. And when the author is a man whose main work lies in verse, it is more than likely that his essays will be mere intersections, uttered spasmodically, ~~at all sorts of topics~~ as the ~~mood seizes him~~ in the intervals of his proper pursuits. The list of contents makes us apprehensive. With the first essay, One day Coventry Patmore will write upon politics; ~~the~~ another upon December in Sarden a Field; ~~a third upon~~ again upon Coleridge; yet upon Dreams, & finally it will strike him to set down some reflections upon ~~the a visit to~~ Liverpool Cathedral. ↑ But our fears that we shall be ~~terrified~~ terrified unmercifully from thought to thought & left in the end with a confused recollection of odds & ends is in this case quite confounded. For one thing these thirty-seven papers were written within the compass of eleven years. Next, as Mr. Page points out, the ~~his~~ criticism was based upon considered principles. "The book is a book of doctrine, & is 'original' only in the sense that it goes back to Nature: the doctrines are those of Aristotle, of Goethe, of Coleridge, indeed as one can imagine Patmore saying, 'of all sensible men'. The style only that holds them together is his own." ~~From the~~ style which holds so many ~~different~~ fragments together, & thus is undoubtedly a good one. ~~To pay a penny & open one~~ paper ~~in~~ ~~the~~ One ~~can~~ would indeed feel somewhat outraged to find a column like ~~the~~ ~~columns~~ of an evening paper in anyone writing ~~as~~ like this in ~~the~~ ~~morning~~ ~~paper~~ ~~an~~ ~~evening~~ paper. ~~the~~ ~~columns~~ of an ~~evening~~ paper. ~~the~~ ~~columns~~ of an ~~evening~~ paper. ~~the~~ ~~columns~~ of an

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who will bring out the merits & failing of Mr. Patmore's style. It is much in the eighteenth century manner — Concise plain, ~~without image~~ with little imagery, & no ~~[illegible]~~ ~~much precision~~. ~~Read~~ ~~To place~~ Placed directly after one of Johnson's lives of the poets, ~~one~~ one of Patmore's essays can be read, so far as the diction goes, without ~~any of that~~ far that ~~gradual loosening of the attention, some of [illegible] words used superfluously, cadences [illegible] & muffled~~ & that gradual loosening of the attention which ~~the~~ ~~[illegible] & superfluity & slackness of~~ ~~is so soon~~ ~~produced by loose where~~ is the result of blurred sentences. But thus read we shall somehow gather the impression that while Johnson is constantly ~~wrong~~, his essays are ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ crescent of ~~large very large~~ important ~~fragments~~ of a ~~large~~ ~~very large~~ whole. Mr. Patmore's essays on the other hand, though they are more perfect & reasonable in themselves, ~~are~~ do not bring with them any such suggestion of greatness. ~~They have~~ Whatever the quality of the ~~[illegible]~~ author's mind, it was not large. A few pages seem to hold, quite rarely, all that he had to say. pungent, vigorous, & pointed though it was.

~~But the dominant characteristic is that which Mr. Page~~. ~~But he is distinguished by that~~ ~~The peculiarity, however, to which Mr. Page draws attention~~ But the chief distinction of Mr. Patmore's criticism is ~~however that~~ that to which Mr. Page draws attention. ~~It is founded upon principles~~. He had a great dislike for the impressionist criticism ~~which~~ is "little more than an attempt to describe the feelings produced in the writers by the works they profess to judge." & ~~[illegible]~~ in tried consistently to base his own judgments upon aesthetic doctrines ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~the mercy of~~ accident & temperament. His pages are

that

unnecessary words, slack cadences, set in weak & weaken the mixture. so soon

the small visible fragment of a much larger whole.

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of the successful practice of this fine

~~interesting if only because they~~ provide ~~many good~~ many examples ~~of the~~ of merit of this form of criticism ~~when successfully practised~~; & ~~of the defects which are so apt to~~ some also of defects ~~which are seen particularly apt to~~ to which ~~its are most apt to attack those who practise it~~ which, though not inherent in the method, seem most apt to attack those who ~~fear~~ pursue it. In the Essay upon Out-of-Door Poetry for ~~gain~~ instance instead of dallying with roses & cabbages & all the other topics which so pleasantly suggest themselves he makes straight for the aesthetic problem. ~~why it is that some makes~~ what ~~what~~ the quality which distinguishes good descriptive poetry from bad descriptive poetry is, he says that the poet in the first case has seen things in their living relationships: "The heather is not much . . . . . .

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but true poets & artists know . . .

only catalogueing." This is fruitful criticism, ~~because it makes & can be used to turned~~ ~~into~~ used will ~~to examine~~ help to define our own vaguer conceptions. Much of Wordsworth's nature poetry (here Mr. Patmore would disagree) ~~to~~ is oppressive reading because ~~he it lacks~~ the poet has not seen nature with intensity in relation to himself or to other human beings; but has accepted it as a something in itself ~~wholesome~~ so ~~& salutary~~ desirable. ~~Tennyson~~ that it can be ~~introduced~~ flatted ~~in long passages~~ of flat ~~flat description~~. used without ~~attempt to~~ concentration. Tennyson ~~is one of those who make inventories~~ is the master of the Victorian poets who carried descriptive writing to such ~~a pitch of Exquisite~~ perfection that of their word ~~cherries~~ had been visible the blackbirds would certainly ~~have picked them~~ have drawn upon mistaken their garden cherries & scene & picked heads & plums & apples for the real articles.

plots

~~Yet English~~ ~~Then, of course we seem must consider how~~ ~~Yet The English~~ ~~But~~ ~~And~~ and Mr. Patmore considers that the English ~~have looked at things~~ poetry ~~is different~~

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~~has a rhythmical excellence not found yet [illegible] which is not even understood by other modern people~~ of the moderns, Mr. Hardy is ~~one of the the most~~ without rival in his power to make nature do his will, ~~using her in such a~~ so that his ~~he~~ ~~is neither a dulcis [illegible] I make a catalogue, nor writes [illegible] rahates us, nor overwhelms~~ rahates us is, nor serves us for a curiosity, but appears at the right moment; to heighten, ~~awe charm, or terrify.~~ Next we turn to Sir Thomas Browne. a very powerful slave, if you can take her measure. The first step in that direction is undoubtedly to see her with your own eyes, in which faculty, Mr. Patmore held the English poets to be ~~also~~ easily ~~the richest~~. supreme. From poetry we turn to prose, remarking by the way how strangely effective ~~in stimulate a single~~ the quotation of a single line can be to stimulate interest. It is from Marston:

The dews that steep
Our souls in deepest thoughts are fury & sleep.

— a line, says Mr. Patmore, which it would need a little essay to expound. ~~And~~ A little essay is ~~of course quite insufficient when the~~ to which is all that he can bestow upon Sir Thomas Browne is of course quite insufficient; but here again he speaks to the point, — directing attention to wh. the qualities which are in the work itself.

"The prose of the pre-revolutionary period was a fine art. In proportion to the greatness of its writers, it was a continually varying flow of music, which aimed at convincing the feelings as the words themselves the understanding."

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Friday
7th Oct. 1921

Jacobs Room.

~~Colour~~ Sunlight ~~slides~~ strikes in ~~full~~ upon shaving glasses, & gleaming brass taps; ~~upon~~ upon all the jolly trappings of the day: the bright, inquisitive, armoured, resplendent, glittering, summer day, which has ~~vanquished chaos, &~~ long since vanquished chaos; which has dried up the ~~medi~~ melancholy mediaeval mists; ~~which~~ has drained the swamp, & ~~set firm paving pavements &~~ laid ~~firm~~ paving stones, upon it & equipped our brains & bodies with such an armoury of shields, swords & guns. That merely to ~~see the citymen rolling down Ludgate hill in their motor cars is to feel~~ see that the ~~all~~ flash & semicircular swap of limbs engaged in ~~the furniture~~ dady life is better than the old pageant of armies drawn out in battle array upon the plain.

Conduct

~~Merely to stroll down Ludgate Hill in the morning.~~

. . . . . .

~~"The very height of the season" said Benamy.~~

~~And~~ the sun had already blistered the ~~back~~ green paint ~~on his chair~~, ~~beneath the plane tree in Hyde Park.~~ off Benamy's chair, & turned ~~by~~ the earth of Hyde Park ~~into~~ to sand; ~~upon which the sti &~~ ~~while~~ ~~& as he said~~ ~~"The very height of the season"~~; ~~the planes bark of the plane trees came off~~ in rooty scales — & while ~~the~~ motor cars ~~passed~~ incessantly crossed the Bridge over the Serpentine. ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~chairs~~ in Hyde Park very green, in the ~~[illegible]~~ & already ~~[illegible]~~ raised blisters of paint on their backs.

Look

"The ~~very~~ height of the season" said Benamy.

Sarcastically, gloomy;

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was

Here

the plane trees were patched with white;

"The height of the season" said Benamy, sarcastically. The sun had already blistered the green paint on the chairs; ~~the plane tree was [illegible] shedding its~~ dry scales ~~peeled~~ peeled off the plane tree; & the earth was largely composed of ~~small~~ little yellow pebbles.

~~"Very urbane" Jacob replied.~~

Motor cars were passing incessantly over the bridge of the Serpentine; Hyde Park was ~~ringed with~~ surrounded by the turning of wheels; the upper classes walked by the row; the lower classes lay with their knees ~~up~~ cricked flat on their backs.

~~Now & again a~~ ~~Glouse there was~~ Benamy's sarcasm was directed partly against Clara Durrant, & partly against ~~the marticulate~~ Jacob, ~~who had sat was sitting beside him on another green chair.~~ ~~For Jacob~~ had come back from Greece a little brown & lean, with his pockets full of Greek ~~&~~ notes which he pulled out when the man came for pence.

He has not said a word to show that he is glad to see me, thought Benamy. ~~Heir rather~~ He ~~thought that~~ ~~Jacob was~~ is really — "he sighed.

"Very urbane" Jacob brought out.

And Benamy was perfectly happy.

Urbane on the lips of Jacob had, ~~so~~ ~~so~~ mysteriously, all the shapelessness, aloofness, of a character which Benamy thought became daily more sublime, tremendous, devastating, terrific. Though he was still, ~~not quite so clever in the head as one could have wished.~~ appallingly obscure. Such superlatives — such adjectives! how are we to defend them? How

& perhaps wd. be for ever,

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to acquit Dick Benamy of sentimentality of the grossest sort; of being tossed up & down like a cork on the wave by emotions; of having no clear insight into character; of being unsupported by the solid conclusions, ~~which a of the classics~~, which he, scholar of ~~our~~ Winchester, fellow of Trinity, there should have drawn from the classics. ~~Ah well~~, there is no acquitting Benamy of these ~~[illegible]~~ extravagant impulses, though it would be ~~[illegible]~~ crass stupidity in our part not to realise that even as he adored Jacob he was profoundly irritated.

"~~Very [illegible]~~
"Very urbane" said Jacob.

He was fond of using Latin words. Magnanimity ~~[illegible]~~ – virtue – such words, when spoken to Benamy, meant that Jacob ~~[illegible]~~ was going to take command of the situation; ~~&~~ that Benamy would play round him ~~[illegible]~~ as affectionate ~~pleasure~~ ~~delight~~: & that (very likely) they would end by rolling on the floor. Jacob blushed.

Spanal;

Yes; so ~~[illegible]~~ pacified by "urbane" & ~~other~~ other remarks in that mood, Benamy, darting in as his want was, with the rapidity & certainty of a lizard's tongue, accused Jacob of having fallen in love. Jacob, ~~who had~~ with all Sandra's letters in his pocket ~~[illegible]~~ ~~somehow turned the tables on Benamy~~ – ~~with~~ blushed ~~to~~ upon which Benamy, ~~who~~ that his lips. No catastrophe was would ever happen to Benamy. He was the safest man in England. But from his vantage ground he realised with ~~[illegible]~~ agony ~~[illegible]~~ how likely it was that the people he cared most for would

(he had all Sandra's letters in his pocket)

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swept away from him, hurled about, splintered, all for lack — or was it that they somehow possessed the thing? were not cut sides yet, but in?

So agin all when he sighed & left Jacob, — never said where he was going, or whether they should meet, there was some reason for his despondency — the restless way he ~~pace~~ walked down Piccadilly. ~~The~~ ~~storm~~ for his scarful ~~hatred of the London~~ season, his [illegible] sigh, as he seized ~~sank into his~~ ~~Chair. his billiness~~ ~~of~~ a book — ~~for~~ what are books!

look at the carriages —

As for the Acropolis, we knew what that is — the peak. The summit, the —

The sharpest of knives never cut so deep — ~~to~~ Jacob blushed. Thus it always happened. Always Benamy was safe; his pieces were lost — dashed away, mined.

And as for responding, or taking the least account of this, Jacob stared straight ahead of him, fixed, monolithic, ~~so~~ oh very beautiful! — ~~but Henry~~, like a Rubuh Admiral said Benamy in a temper. ~~Jamf~~ rising from his rest — walking off; waiting for some round; none came; too proud to look back: — Jacob really! —, ~~[illegible]~~ walking quicker, quicker; until he found himself in ~~Piccadilly~~ jaying into motor cars — Where was the woman's face? Closer? Eleanor? Miller?, who was the pretty little creature?

Not Clara.

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Wed. Oct. 12th

Jacobs Room.

The ~~Aberdeen terrier~~ little dog must be exercised, & as Mr Bowley was going that very moment — would like to nothing better than a walk — as Clara they went together. Clara & kind little Bowley — Bowley who had rooms in the Albany. Bowley who wrote letters to the Times ~~upon in a~~ in a jocular vein which was very popular, — ~~wrote~~ about foreign hotels, & the aurora Borealis, ~~dear~~ Bowley who liked young people & walked down Piccadilly with his ~~right~~ right arm ~~behind him~~ ~~always~~ resting in the boys his back. —

"Little Demon!" said Clara, & attached Troy to his chain:

~~Somehow~~ Bowley expected a little confidence about her mother. Devoted to her mother, Clara sometimes felt her a little too well, she was so sure herself that she could not understand other people being — being — "so ludicrous as I am". Clara said, (the dog tugging her forward) — And Bowley thought she looked like a huntress & turned over in his mind which it should be — ~~deciding that she must be~~ somebody pale with a slip of the moon in her hair —

Bowley thought that young women should marry young men: & dear Elsbeth, who knew so much about foreign politics, treated Clara ~~a little~~ as if she were a child — dear creatures both of them — & Bowley, who relished his position; looked forward to confidences from both sides —

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~~An~~ ~~The colour came to her cheeks.~~ But she said no more ~~rather pleased~~ with this ~~poetical~~ ~~unusual flight.~~

The colour came to her cheeks, ~~for~~ ~~Jacob had never come been.~~ ~~But she was silent.~~ To have spoken at light about her mother – still it was only to Mr. Bowley – who ~~would understand~~ loved her – as everybody must; to have speak was unnatural to her. ~~only words were only came only – as now to feel to~~ ~~her~~ ~~oh~~ it was awful to feel, as she did, that she ~~desire for some one to hear what~~ to ~~tell~~ ask ~~some one~~ ~~how, talk~~ – to tell someone —

must

~~A~~ ~~R~~ "~~Oh you~~ Wait till we cross the road" she said, to the ~~Aberdeen terrier~~ – dog. (& her voice broke)

Happily she had recovered this.

"The thinks so much about England" she said;

[It was true that Mr. Warrant took the fortunes of her country ~~much~~ to heart.] "The thinks – [illegible] argument

And so Bowley was defrauded, ~~as he~~ as usual; ~~"Why are you unhappy?" he wanted to ask.~~ ~~"Where are all these young men?"~~ "Why don't ~~they~~ you settle matters satisfactorily, eh?" he wanted to ask. "What's all this about England?" a question poor Clara could not very well answer, since, as Mr Warrant asked Sir Edgar the latest news, Clara only wondered, ~~why~~, ~~since the letter was posted to Jacob~~, Jacob had ~~refused to~~ never come.

the Cabinet worked daily

~~"New he's after the shops" she said~~

– Clara ~~was~~ And simple to a degree, they said – ~~a stupid~~ ~~the~~ had no life of her own, they went on – that girl, they

280,000

566,000

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would say, is a perfect slave to her brothers & sisters - takes them to the stores, ~~Jewelry Elsbeth might afford a~~ reads aloud when they have colds.

And Clara would hand the pretty China cup, & smile at the ~~E~~ compliment - that no one in London made tea so well as she did.

"We get it at Brocklebanks, she replied, in ~~Cheap~~ Cussitor Street."

Ought she not to be grateful? Ought she not to be content? ~~And yet~~ Especially since her mother looked so well, & enjoyed so much ~~seeing~~ ~~his Edgar~~ & ~~things were talking, no hear~~ talking about to her Edgar Morocco or Venezuela, or some such place - ~~And~~ Jacob - Jacob Clara thought of Jacob; & kind Mr. Bewley who had come in & was ever so ~~so~~ good with old ladies, noticed; ~~in Clara what~~ thought Clara sad; wondered whether Elsbeth was it too ~~stern~~ with her daughter; [& ~~stayed~~ sat there on till it was time to exercise Troy, the Aberdeen Terrier.] wondered about Bonary, Jacob which young fellow was it? - & ~~stay~~ jumped up directly Clara said she must exercise Troy.

& started:

harsh

They had reached the site of the old Exhibition; they ~~had~~ looked at the hyacinths: Clara ~~had~~ said that she wished Barnes grew flowers like that; ~~Mrs~~ ~~Cary~~ Irving ~~Jac~~ Jacobs passed them in her carriage & blew a kiss;

- How still & stiff & curled they are! these little rods of wax ~~like~~ smoothness, tinted violet & red; - rising from the earth, but yet ~~of~~ unstained & flawless. How cool they are! How ~~they have indifferent!~~ they have triumphed.

And to each is a little shadow; & the head gardener ~~was~~ planted them ~~exactly~~ to represent exactly a diamond.

~~Violet~~ ~~Beat~~ Irving Jacobs passed in her carriage -

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~~Clara went~~ on,

Barnes never gets them to grow like that "~~said~~ Clara. ~~suggested~~

Gen are neglecting your friends "said Bradley as some one ~~lifted his hat~~ ~~at~~ going the other way lifted his hat. She started; ~~looked~~; acknowledged Mr Lionel Parry's bow; ~~with a~~ ~~a~~ warbed on him what had ~~sprung~~ been in blood ~~in~~ for Jacob.

Jacob, Jacob, she thought.

"But gen 'll get run over if I let gen go," she said to the dog.

"~~I think~~ England will last our time" I think said Mr. Bradley.

~~Indeed~~, the loop of the railing beneath the statue of Achilles had ~~contained~~ ~~all that was~~ ~~finest in English society~~: ~~a net~~ full of gold fish & silver fish; all that was finest in English society: ~~Gracefully~~ circled in ~~it~~ the net:

This statue was erected by the women of England — Clara read out, with a foolish little laugh. "~~Then there's Lord Byron~~ — "oh! Mr Bradley oh!"

~~A~~ ~~There was~~ A riderless a house ~~without a~~ rider gallopedy part.

Oh ~~Mr Bar~~ stop it — stop it" Clara cried, ~~as~~ white ~~as a~~ sheet, trembling, utterly unconscious.

Tut-tut, said Mr. Bradley half an hour later, alone in his room.

Tut-tut.

It was only to visit a sick old lady who had known her mother & perhaps the Duke of Wellington, for Julia shared the true love of her sex for the diseased, the distressed; liked to visit death beds; knew riffers at weddings; received confidences by the dozen; could have brought down her pheasant with the best of them, but was on the side of the poachers, & kept among her treasures a horn mug which a poor old thatcher had given her, & would tell the story, unconsciously self-approving, but, after all, how modest!

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a comment upon life that was profound enough though ~~thus~~ inarticulately expressed, since his valet was ~~in the room~~ handing his ~~shirt st~~ shirt studs.

Miss Julia Eliot too had seen the horse run away. ~~but~~ & had risen from her seat to ~~see~~ watch the end of the ~~in~~ incident; which, since she came of a sporting family, seemed to her ~~a little~~ slightly ridiculous. ~~To take a toss in Hyde Park, — well, there~~ Sure enough, the little man came pounding along, with his breeches dusty; ~~a~~ looked thoroughly annoyed; & was being helped to mount by a policeman, who as Julia Eliot ~~the elderly grey haired la spinster~~ turned towards the Marble Arch set off on her errand of mercy. It was only to visit a sick old lady of the upper classes who had known her mother ~~about the year 1852~~. A conspicuous member of the Republic of women unpaid, untitled, ~~un~~ obscure, Julia shared the ~~taste~~ love of her sex for the ~~[illegible]~~, the diseased, the distressed; liked to visit death beds; received confidences by the dozen; & ~~was read her~~ bible; but ~~added~~ to all this the taste of a sporting squire, & which could ~~have lunged~~ ~~bring~~ down her pheasant with the best of them — ~~Numerous, melancholy, inclined to~~ had she not ~~been on the side of the poachers~~. ~~of pheasants & poachers.~~ ~~somehow~~, was in the ~~preferred~~ pheasants & poachers, ~~left her~~ strolled round the cottages when ~~the men were gone shooting~~, & kept among her treasures a horn mug which a poor old thatcher had given her — ~~kept it~~ she ~~was sentimental that is~~ — ~~but so~~ modest. would tell the story, innocently self-approving, but again all how ~~generous~~ modest. Thus she strode across Hyde Park — marked, with the eye of austerity,

accustomed to ~~[illegible]~~ hurry.

& perhaps the Duke of Wellington. ~~[illegible]~~

Glided in a cart of bedroom;

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the Pippanay (~~& vulgarity~~ of the girls, approved ~~manly~~ nice boys & soldiery ~~old~~ men, & ~~[illegible]~~ formulated one knows not what ~~[illegible]~~ elemental feminine wisdom about life, & ~~the~~ conduct, & how we spin towards Heaven. ~~for the~~ believed; ~~strangely enough, that all is~~ where we meet the our friends.

~~& was~~

Yet ~~there were tears in her eyes~~. Five minutes after she had passed the statue of Achilles, she had taken on ~~that~~ the rapt ecstatic look, of one brushing through crowds ~~&~~ on a hot summer afternoon, when the trees are rustling, the wheels churning, ~~the macadam~~, the sun ~~striking upon spokes~~, ~~fashionable babies~~ & the tumult of the present seems somehow like an elegy for past youth, & ~~past~~ pens summers ~~&~~ ~~when Victoria was on the throne~~, ~~long ago~~, & more rose in her a kind of chivalrous tenderness ~~&~~ forward beyond; ~~feeling for the young men who might have been her sons~~; a desire to ~~befriend the younger generation~~; ~~a combined with~~ a curious sadness; as if all these passers by had been the ghosts of young men ~~& women~~ killed climbing rocks on reading parties, of fits or dead, ~~in~~ so tragically, in Childbirth, ~~sentimentally expanded, the~~

Yet, Heaven knows, Julia was no fool.

A sharper woman at a bargain never lived. She was always punctual. The ~~clock~~ watch on her wrist gave her twelve minutes & a half –

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~~And~~ the gilt clock at Verrey, was striking five.
Florinda looked at it with the dull expression gen animal.
~~The~~ looked at the clock; ~~the~~ looked at the door; she looked at
the long glass opposite. Yes, she was going to have a
baby. ~~That was for the~~ disposed her cloak; & leant
across the table, ~~the way~~ she was stunned; sunk; ~~was~~
caught by the heel, as she tapped ~~so lightly~~, & held
~~firm~~.

Her tumbler of pinkish sweet stuff was
delivered by the waiter; & she sucked; through a
straw; her eyes, on the ~~of~~ looking glass; on the door.
When Nick Bramham came in, ~~she looked at him~~
it was plain ~~obvious~~ even to the young Swiss waiter, that
there was some bargain between them. ~~to~~
~~Nick apologised for bring late~~; & he hitched his
clothes together ~~before he sat down~~; ~~he~~ ran his fingers
through his hair; sat down — ~~sat down with a~~
nervously, to an ordeal. ~~She~~ And something set her
off laughing — she laughed & laughed ~~& laughed~~ —
The young Swiss waiter ~~laughed too~~ ~~The~~
~~door opened, & in~~ standing beside the pillar laughed
too. The door opened. In came the roar of
Regent Street; the ~~dust~~ sun shine grained with
dust, & ~~the roar~~ of life; menacing; ~~in unpitying~~
impersonal; unpitying; The Swiss waiter
must see to the newcomers — something like Jacob"
Jacob, leaning forward, drew a plan of the
Parthenon on the dust in Hyde Park. And
then with the easy steps ~~of someone~~ of who he remembered
~~what they have~~ something pleasant he walked
to the ~~surf~~ end of the Serpentine, where the ducks are —
then recollected something; & walked away to the end
of the Serpentine to see the ~~newly arrived~~ Oriental Duck

Jacob's Room.

a network of strokes, at least which may have been the Parthenon or again it may have been a mathematical diagram, ~~or~~ ~~One knows not.~~ — And why was the pebble so Emphatically ground in at the corner? It was not to count his notes that he took out a wad of papers from his pocket & read a long flowing letter which Sandra had written two days ago at Cambridge Manor House — ~~having~~ in ~~the dark~~, with his book before her; & in her mind the memory ~~of~~ — ~~so~~ of something said, or attempted some moment ~~of approximation~~ in the dark on the road to the Acropolis ~~Parthenon~~, which (& such was her creed) ~~had~~ mattered forever ~~& fused something~~ remained.

"~~Jacob~~ Jacob's, she mused, like that man in Molière" — The meant Alceste. ~~The meant that Jacob made her feel too great a character for her room of knick knacks, & was the thought that he would destroy~~ The meant that he was severe. The ~~feel~~ meant that she ~~would~~ could ~~Easily~~ deceive him. ~~One could take him captive, she thought.~~ ~~"And whether it would last worth any while~~ or could I not, she thought, putting the poems of Donne back in the book case; "~~And would it be worth~~ And would it be ~~that it would worth it?~~ while" for, she went on, going to the window & looking ~~down the~~ over the great ~~beds of~~ flower beds, ~~down the~~ across the park where the red cows, were brewing under the elm trees, & ~~this is what I like so much in him — his~~ is ~~that~~ he would be shocked.

The children were being taken for a walk. & she kissed her hand. Jimmy waved his back — "He's a small boy ~~too~~," she said.

And yet Alceste?

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~~the severe, the~~

"Oh I say what a nuisance you are!" I Jacob grumbled, stretching out first one leg & then the other & fishing in each trouser pocket for ~~he~~ his chair ticket. "Perhaps the sheep have eaten it" he said — Why do you keep sheep?"

~~"All what I'm paid for, Sir" said the ticket collector,~~

"Sorry to disturb you Sir" said the ticket collector, his hand deep in the enormous pouch of pence —

"Well I hope they pay you for it" said Jacob —

There you are. No. ~~I daresay you can do with it~~ —

~~You can keep the change. I don't want the change.~~ ~~I~~

~~Daresay you can do with it~~ You can stick to it.

~~Spend it on drink.~~ Go & get drunk".

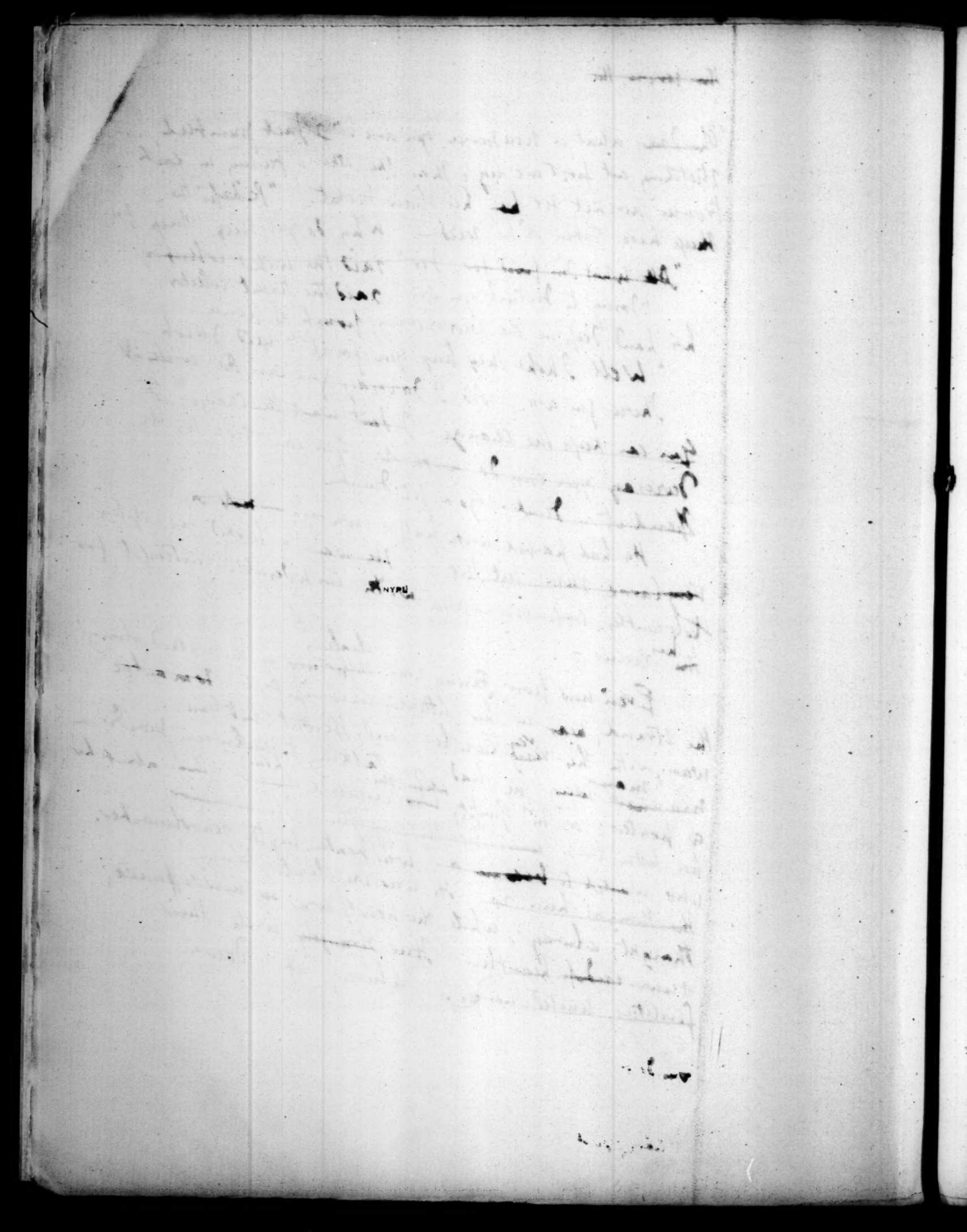
He had parted with half a crown; ~~— not a~~

~~very large sum, but the~~ ~~He was~~ & looked as if he

~~tolerantly~~. comparisonately, with considerable contempt for

~~the~~ his species —

Even now poor Fanny was ~~suffering~~ dealing, as she walked along the strand, ~~was~~ in her utterly incompetent ~~romantic~~ way, with the ~~very~~ very careless, indifferent sublime ~~manner~~ manner ~~way~~ he had of talking to railway guards; & or porters; or Mrs Garfit; ~~who~~ when she consulted him ~~Jacob~~ when about her her little boy ~~was beaten by the schoolmaster.~~ who ~~wanted to become a~~ was beaten by the schoolmaster. ~~He thought him so~~ He was considerate, Fanny thought; always; while she herself was ~~so~~ ~~now effusive~~, ~~now end of heartless.~~ ~~How strangely well their~~ ~~qualities united though!~~ always up & down.



Sustained entirely upon picture post cards for the past month of Fanny's idea of Jacob was more statuesque, noble, & eyeless than ever. To reinforce her vision she had taken to visiting the British Museum, where, keeping her eyes downcast until she was alongside the Ulysses, she opened them & got a fresh shock of Jacob's presence. But this was wearing out them. And she wrote now — poems, letters that were never posted; saw his face ~~in adv on hoardings~~, in advertisements on hoardings; & wanted cross the road to let the barrel organ ~~quicken her~~ ~~in shapes~~ turn her mazing to rhapsody. But at breakfast (she shared rooms with a teacher) when the butter was smeared about the plate, & the prongs of the forks were clotted with old egg yolk, she revised these visions ~~with~~ instantaneously; was in truth very cross; was losing her complexion; ~~which Margery Jackson, the teacher, spoke to her~~ placenly; as she ~~laced her boots~~; with & Margery Jackson told her — bringing the whole thing down to a level of mother wit, & sentimentality for she had loved too; & been a fool.

At all events, when Fanny stopped to look in at the windows of Bacons the map seller ~~she~~ an ~~very~~ elderly lady who was waiting for her change, & had a mind free for such speculations, ~~noticed~~ thought that she ~~was~~ had come to the second stage of youth; she believed ~~in~~ nothing: "yet two months ago I daresay she was as credulous as anybody", thought the elderly lady, who found faces the most interesting reading in the world, & expected to make out what everything meant: ~~Indeed~~, But Fanny looking in at the ~~Core of these days~~ window was thinking.

"Ones godmother ought to have told one"

Bitterly bitterly ~~most strongly~~ for by nature none was

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soft, ~~more ecstatic, &~~

soft, sensitive, high-minded, but ~~incorr~~ had something ~~valid about~~ her, which was the root of her ~~disaster~~ — soft, vaporous, ~~in the~~ ~~about~~ at the core which was the source of her disaster.

"One's godmother ought to have told one" said Fanny looking in at the window of Balen the mapseller in the Strand. — ~~told~~ told one ~~how there is a~~ ~~the~~ bony finger beneath ~~all~~ ~~this velvet; how stark & the flesh & blood; something~~ stark & immitigable; ~~bony~~ bony finger in the glove: ~~something altogether incorruptible; about life~~ — that is no use making a fuss; one must ~~push the vein finger~~ surrender. &

Fanny's face, as she looked at the large yellow globe, was no longer the face for which godmothers make ~~cheerful~~ pretty ~~pretty~~ forecasts. She was cut adrift from all tender old ladies ~~who~~ & sheltered wives, & become a part of the helter-skelter. ~~The~~ [fierce, wounded, ~~which which~~ arrogant;] drifting round strut corners; sipping wine late at night; ~~with~~ — ~~even now~~ ~~nervous~~; & only saved from violence by an inconsistible weakness, an indecision — ~~for~~ ~~she climbed on top of the red omnibus which goes to Piccadilly~~

anchorage & harbourage

"Piccadilly?" she asked the ~~omnibus~~ conductor, & climbed on top; ~~of the omnibus~~; ~~[illegible]~~ he ~~would~~ come back to her! —

of the omnibus

Jacob filling his pipe, leant back in his chair, & adopted an attitude which in conjunction with his loose coat, his untidiness, & his air of ease, ~~[illegible]~~ might be taken to shew that he mapped his fingers at Dandies.

Jacob looked severe enough, sitting under the plane tree.

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But Jacob might have been thinking of Rome; of ~~law~~ architecture; of Jurisprudence, as he sat under the plane tree in Hyde Park.

Fanny's omnibus was stopped outside Charing Cross. & behind it ~~[illegible]~~ mounted omnibuses, vans, motor cars, for a procession ~~of some sort~~ was with banners was ~~being~~ paying down Whitehall. & Elderly people of both sexes were ~~stiffly~~ ~~descending~~ ~~stiffing~~ from between the paws of ~~[illegible]~~ the slippery lions — where they had been testifying to ~~the~~ the faith ~~of some sort~~ — singing lustily — raising their eyes from their music to look into the blue sky, ~~[illegible]~~ & still their eyes were on the sky as they marched behind the gold letters of their creed.

The traffic stopped, & the sun which had been tolerable before became now almost too hot. But the procession passed; the banners glittered far away down Whitehall; the traffic was released; so lurched on; spun into ~~the smooth uproar~~; smooth continuous uproar; ~~Wash~~ swerving round the ~~pavement~~ curve of Cockspur street; & sweeping past Government offices down Whitehall to the prickly spires, the ~~pitted towers~~, the large white clock of Westminster. Five o'clock, Big Ben intoned; Nelson received the salute. The wires of the Admiralty shivered with some far away communication. &

The ~~rather small~~, dark room in which Timing Durrant sat with two other clerks was small & rather dark —

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